

NO 24 OCT.

# ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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# ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

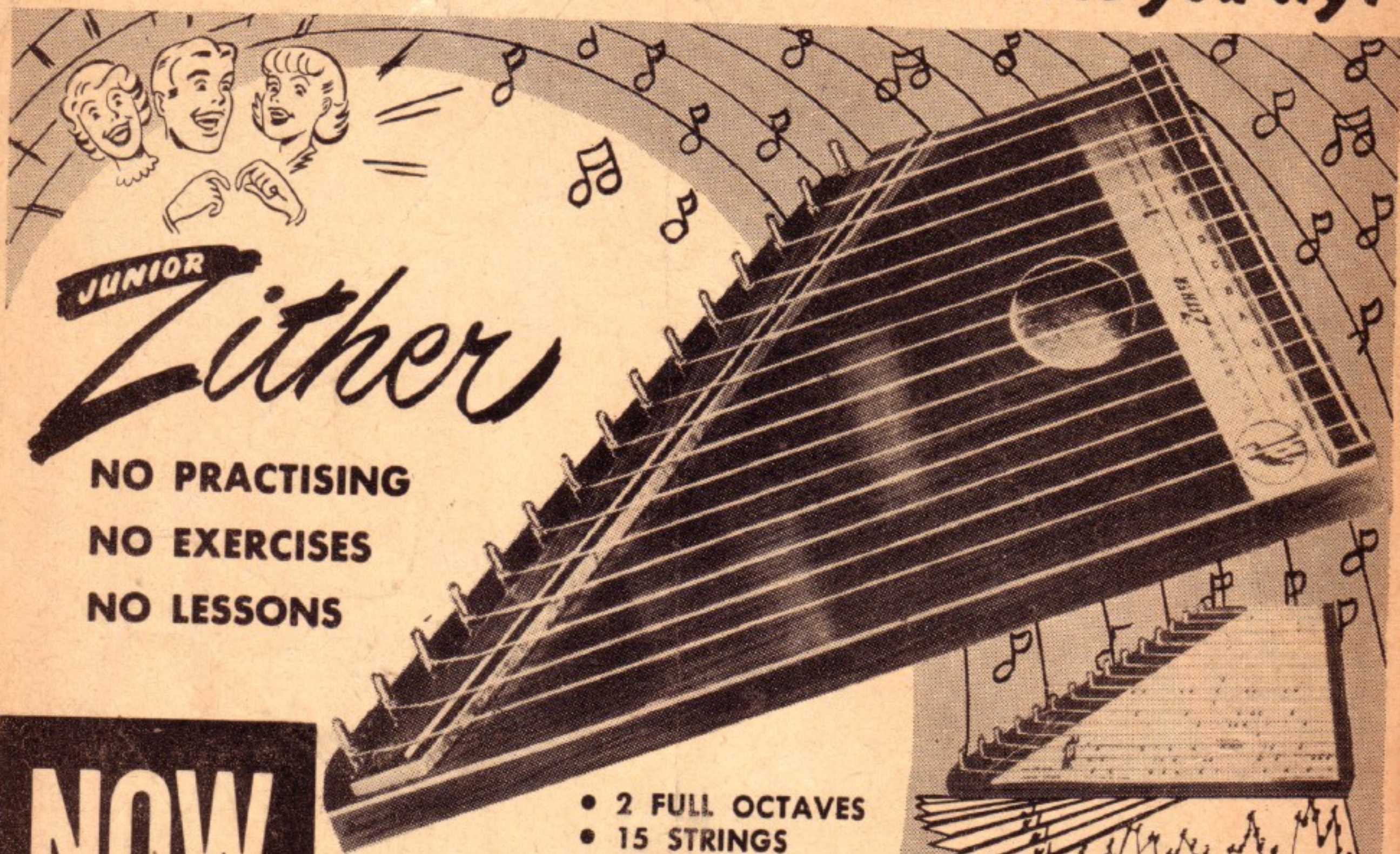
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# BE POPULAR!

*You'll play instantly  
the **FIRST TIME** you try!*



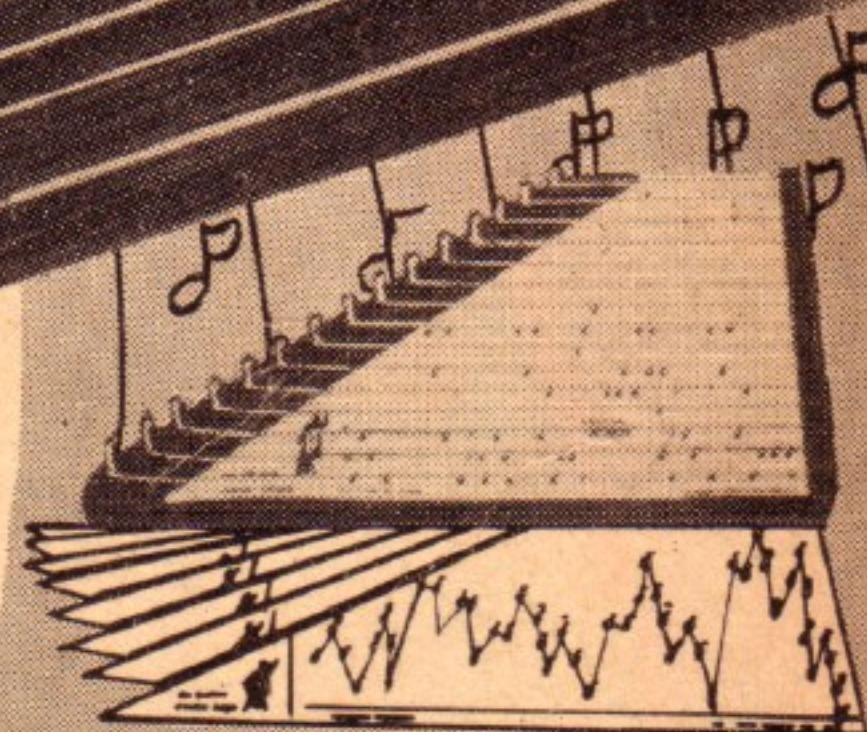
## **JUNIOR** *Zither*

**NO PRACTISING  
NO EXERCISES  
NO LESSONS**

- 2 FULL OCTAVES
- 15 STRINGS

**NOW  
YOU**

*... without knowing a note  
... can play any  
popular song  
instantly!*



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You don't have to spend long hours practising scales or learning how to play it,—you play this fascinating instrument the moment you get it. Just slide the automatic note selector under the strings, pluck the strings where the black dots appear and you'll be amazed to find yourself playing America's most popular songs and tunes instantly. By using these charts it's easy to play like a professional!

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- Tuning Key • Extra Strings
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**Measures 16½" x 7¾" x 2"**

**Has TWO FULL OCTAVES • 15 Strings**

**All for only \$5.00**

Perfect as a Gift,—Delightful  
ZITHER NOW!  
upon today.

**MAIL THIS**

**HUMBOLDT  
CO.**



# The SPECTRAL SISTER

PLAYING WITH FIRE CAN BE DANGEROUS...BUT NOT HALF AS DEADLY AS PLAYING **GHOST!** FOR ONCE YOU START TOYING WITH THE SPECTRAL FORCES OF THE DREAD **UNKNOWN**, IT MAY TAKE A **REAL GHOST** TO GET YOU OUT OF TROUBLE! BUT READ ON... SEE FOR YOURSELF...AND TREMBLE!



I—I DON'T CARE HOW LATE IT IS—I **MUST** SPEAK TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY! TELL HIM THAT I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER... AND I'VE DECIDED TO TELL HIM ALL I KNOW ABOUT **TONY WALTERS!**

ALL RIGHT, MISS BEAUMONT—I'LL SWITCH YOUR CALL THROUGH TO MR. GORDON'S HOME!



OH-HH-H!



HELLO... HELLO...!





NEXT MORNING, 3,000 MILES AWAY IN A HOTEL AT LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA---

OHH---  
NO...  
NO!



OH, ALICE---ALICE!  
PERHAPS IF---IF I'D  
STAYED CLOSER TO  
YOU THE WAY A GOOD  
SISTER SHOULD, I MIGHT  
HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HELP  
YOU, TO KEEP YOU OUT OF  
THIS---PERHAPS YOU'D BE  
ALIVE NOW! BUT NOW ALL  
I CAN DO IS MAKE SURE  
THAT JUSTICE IS DONE  
--- **THAT YOUR  
MURDERER  
IS PUNISHED!**

DAYS LATER---

HEY---YOU CAN'T BARGE  
INTO THE D.A.'S OFFICE  
LIKE THAT!

MR. GORDON.  
I'M---

**ALICE BEAUMONT!**  
I---I NEVER BELIEVED IN  
GHOSTS, BUT I DO  
NOW!

I'M JUNE BEAUMONT---ALICE'S  
TWIN SISTER! I CAME HERE TO  
FIND OUT WHETHER YOU'VE  
ARRESTED ALICE'S  
MURDERER YET!

WHEW, YOU CERTAINLY  
GAVE ME A TURN, MISS  
BEAUMONT---I WAS  
CERTAIN ALICE HAD COME  
BACK FROM THE DEAD TO HAUNT  
ME FOR NOT GETTING HER MURDER-  
ER! I'M ALMOST CERTAIN THAT IT  
WAS DONE BY THAT JEWEL THIEF  
AND GANGSTER, TONY WALTERS---  
BUT HE HAD AN AIR-  
TIGHT ALIBI, AND I  
HAD TO LET  
HIM GO!

OFFICE OF THE  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

WM. GORDON, D.A.

YOUR SISTER WAS MIXED UP WITH WALTERS---SHE'D  
PROBABLY FALLEN FOR HIM BEFORE SHE FOUND OUT  
WHAT HE REALLY WAS LIKE! BUT WALTERS WAS JUST  
UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS---HE MERELY USED HER TO  
TAKE HIM AROUND TO ALL THE HOMES OF HER  
WEALTHY FRIENDS---AND AN OUTBREAK OF  
JEWEL ROBBERIES SOON FOLLOWED IN  
THOSE VERY SAME HOMES! I SUSPECTED  
WALTERS AND CALLED ON ALICE TO TELL

ALL SHE KNEW ABOUT  
HIM---BUT SOME  
REMNANT OF LOVE  
AND LOYALTY PRE-  
VENTED HER FROM  
TALKING!

SHE MUST HAVE HAD A QUARREL WITH WALTERS ABOUT IT  
---AND HE PROBABLY FOLLOWED HER HOME, KNOWING  
SHE WAS ABOUT TO TALK---AND THEN KILLED HER  
BEFORE SHE **COULD** TALK! WITHOUT ANY EVIDENCE,  
THOUGH, WE CAN'T TOUCH WALTERS!

NOT UNLESS HE **CONFESSES**  
---AND ONLY A DEAD WOMAN  
CAN MAKE HIM DO THAT!



I FIRST GOT THE IDEA WHEN YOU SAID YOU THOUGHT I WAS **ALICE'S GHOST!** SHE'D WRITTEN ME ABOUT WALTERS---AND MENTIONED THAT SHE HADN'T TOLD HIM SHE HAD A TWIN SISTER! AND SINCE WALTERS DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT **ME**, HE MIGHT BE **FRIGHTENED** INTO CONFESSING IF HE THINKS **SHE** CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD TO HAUNT HIM!



BUT I'LL NEED **YOUR** HELP TO GO THROUGH WITH MY PLAN! I WANT YOU TO TELL ME WHAT KIND OF CLOTHES ALICE WAS WEARING WHEN SHE WAS MURDERED! THOSE, PLUS SOME PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT, MIGHT MAKE A MIGHTY CONVINCING **SPECTER!**

SORRY, MISS BEAUMONT---IT'S TOO RISKY! WALTERS MIGHT BE SCARED ENOUGH TO **SHOOT**---AND I DON'T WANT **TWO** DEAD BEAUMONTS ON MY HANDS!



THEN I'LL DO IT **WITHOUT** YOUR HELP---AND YOU CAN'T STOP ME! I'M WILLING TO RISK MY LIFE TO PROVE I CAN TERRIFY HIM INTO CONFESSING!

NO, WAIT---**YOU WIN!** I CAN'T LET YOU GO INTO THIS **ALONE!**



**LATER, THE HEADQUARTERS OF TONY WALTERS---**

I WONDER HOW THE BOSS IS MAKIN' OUT SELLIN' THAT LAST HAUL O' ROCKS TO THE FENCE? HE OUGHTA GET AT LEAST A HUNNERT GRAND FER IT!

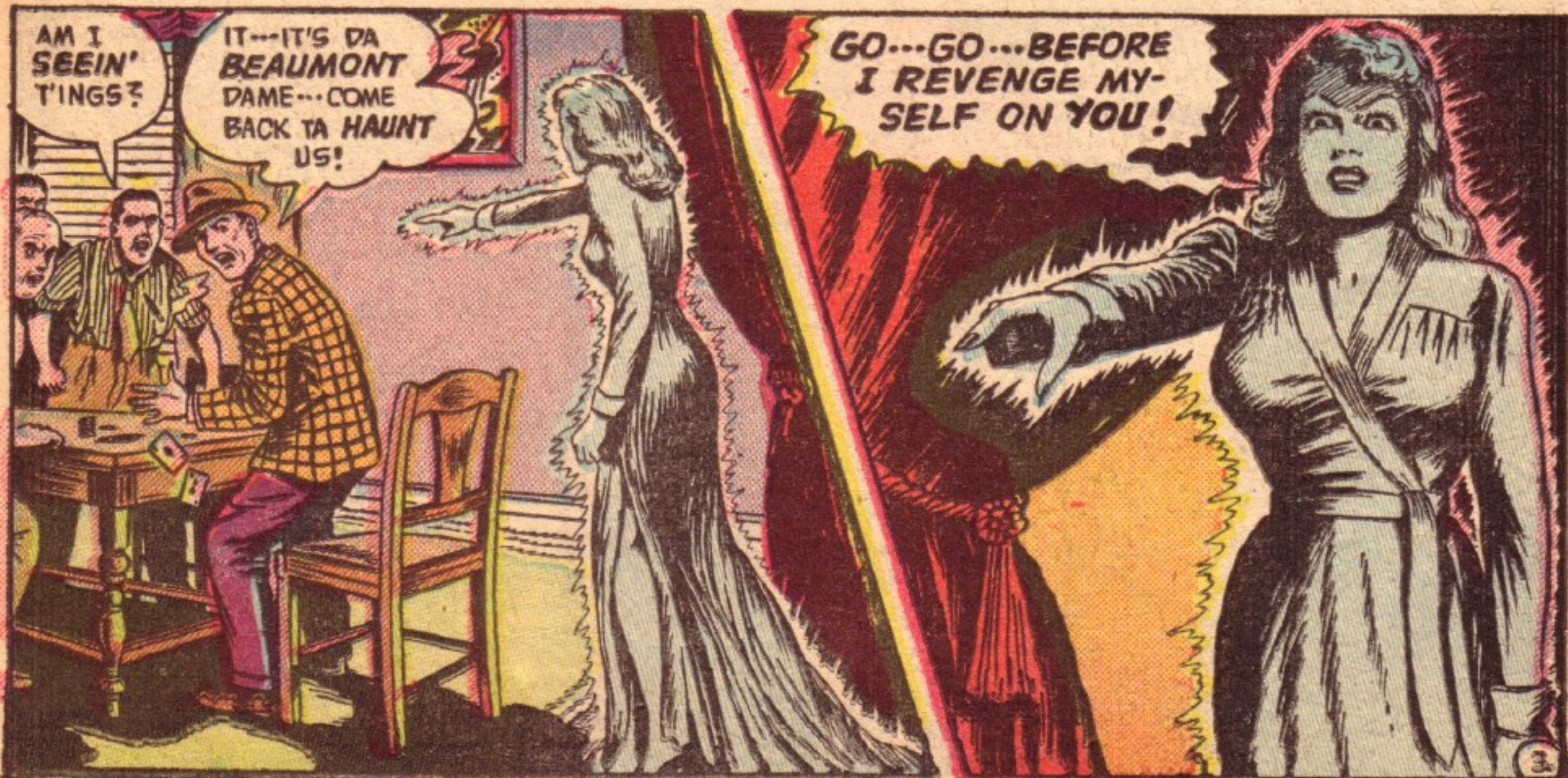
**L---LOOK!**



AM I **SEEN'** T'INGS?

IT---IT'S DA **BEAUMONT** DAME---COME BACK TA HAUNT US!

**GO---GO---BEFORE I REVENGE MYSELF ON YOU!**







GO...LEAVE THIS HOUSE AND NEVER RETURN!

L...LET'S BEAT IT, BOYS!

NO...IT'S ONLY A TRICK! HOT LEAD FROM A .45 OUGHTA TAKE CARE O' THIS PHONEY GHOST!



THE...THE BULLETS ARE GOIN' RIGHT THROUGH HER...BUT SHE KEEPS COMIN' ON!

FOOL...YOU CANNOT KILL THE DEAD!

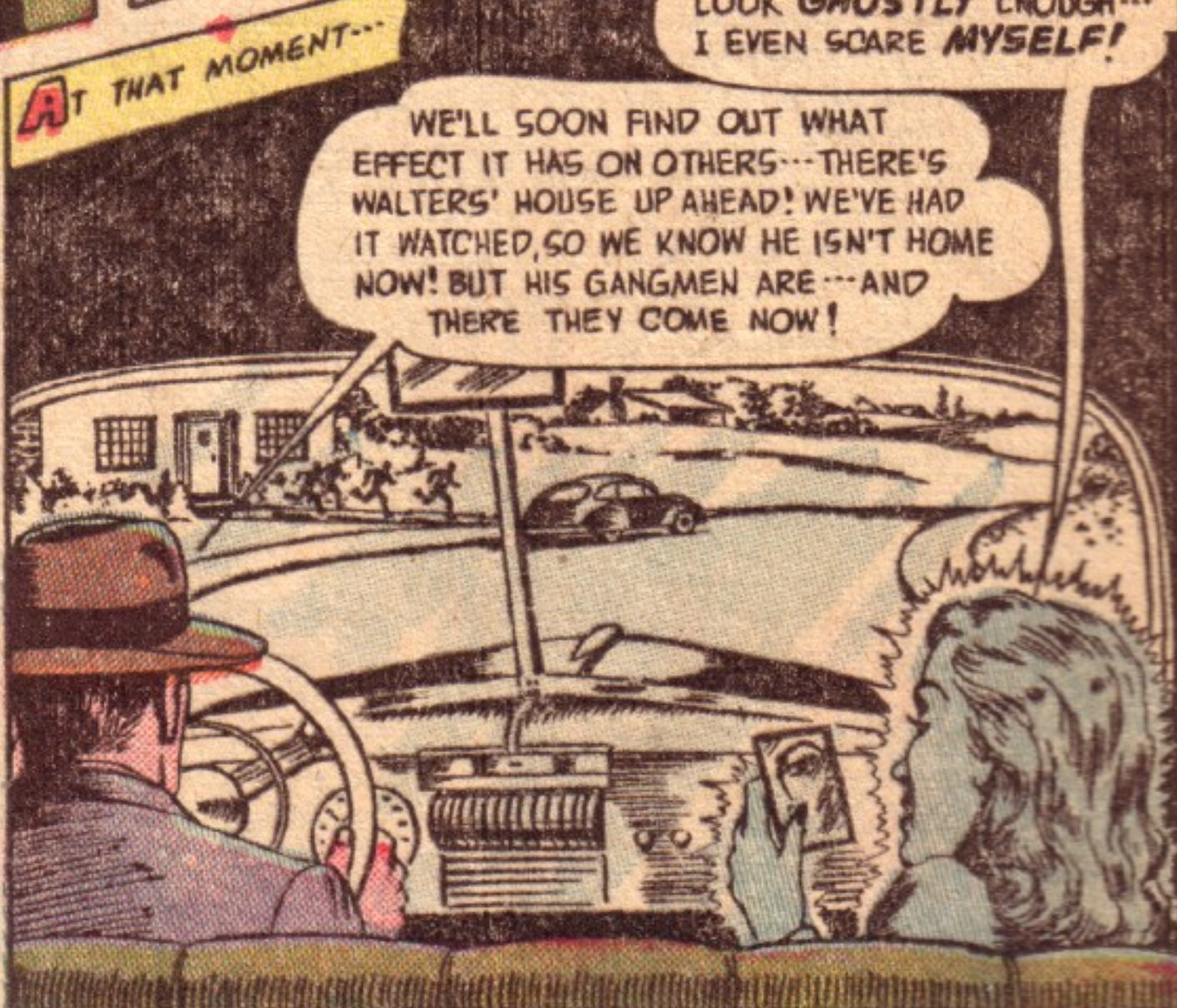
BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!

THIS PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT CERTAINLY MAKES ME LOOK GHOSTLY ENOUGH... I EVEN SCARE MYSELF!



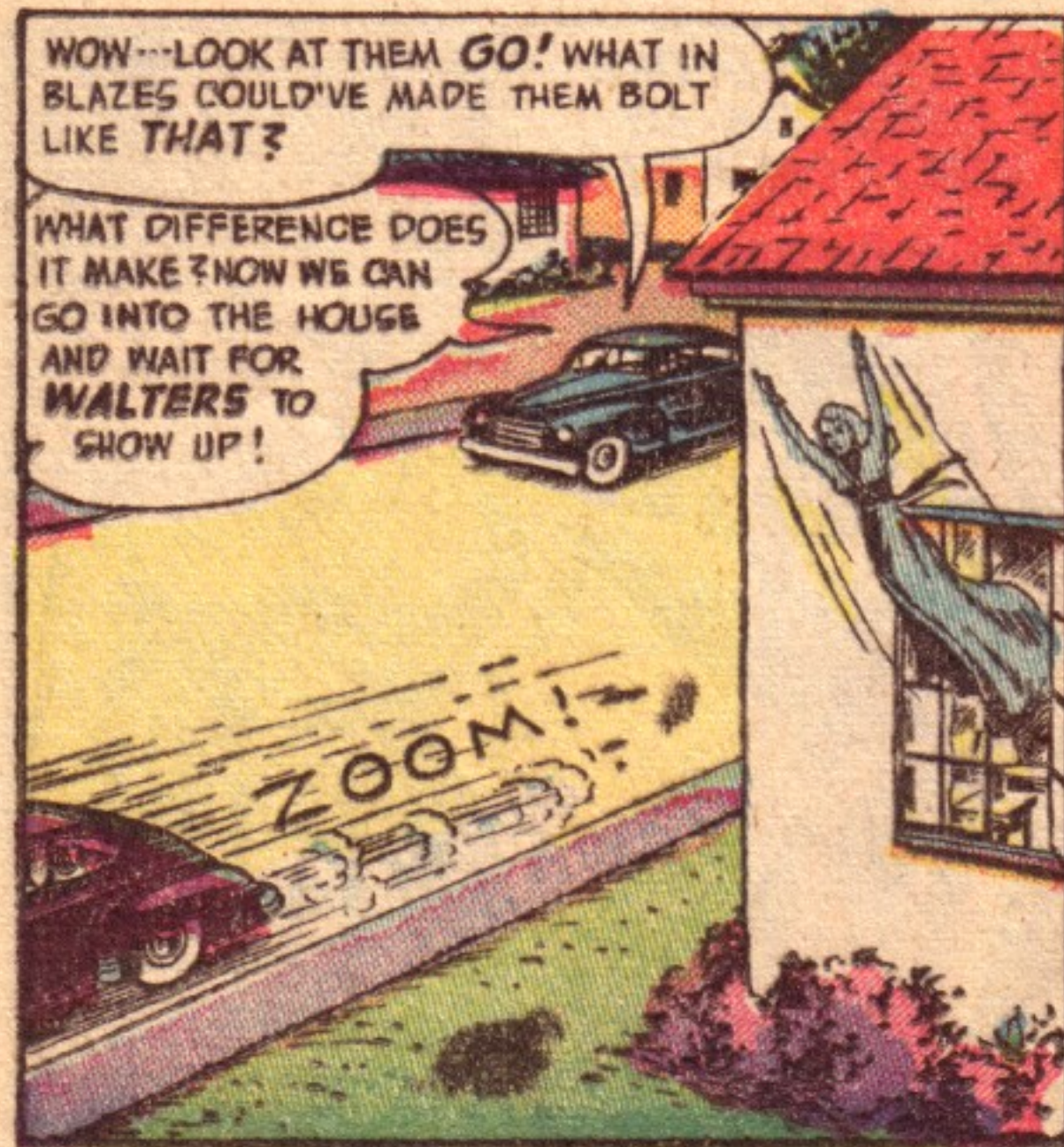
FLEE...BEFORE MY WRATH STRIKES YOU DOWN!

LET'S GET OUT OF TOWN...FAST!



AT THAT MOMENT...

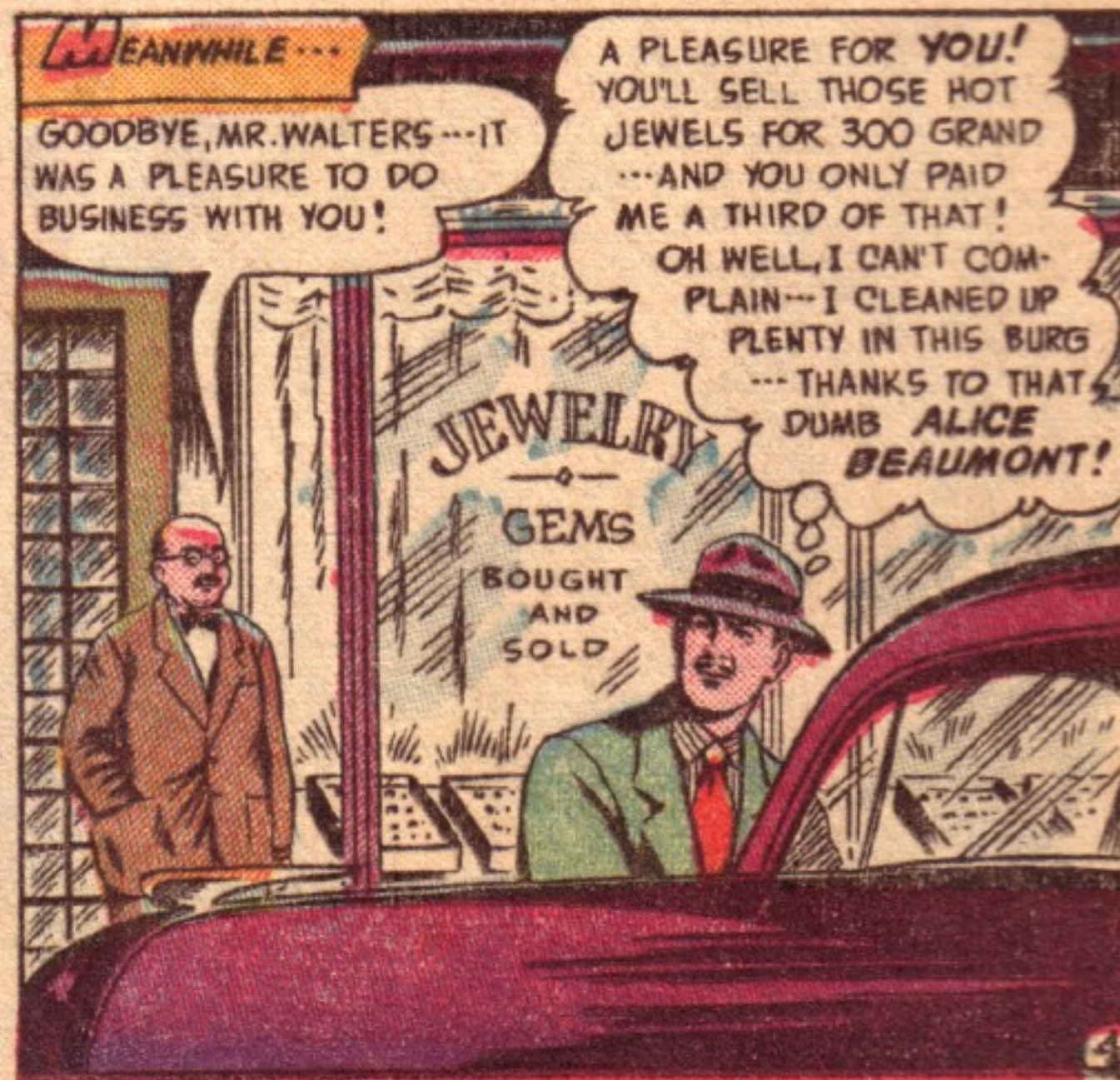
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT EFFECT IT HAS ON OTHERS...THERE'S WALTERS' HOUSE UP AHEAD! WE'VE HAD IT WATCHED, SO WE KNOW HE ISN'T HOME NOW! BUT HIS GANGMEN ARE...AND THERE THEY COME NOW!



WOW...LOOK AT THEM GO! WHAT IN BLAZES COULD'VE MADE THEM BOLT LIKE THAT?

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? NOW WE CAN GO INTO THE HOUSE AND WAIT FOR WALTERS TO SHOW UP!

ZOOM!



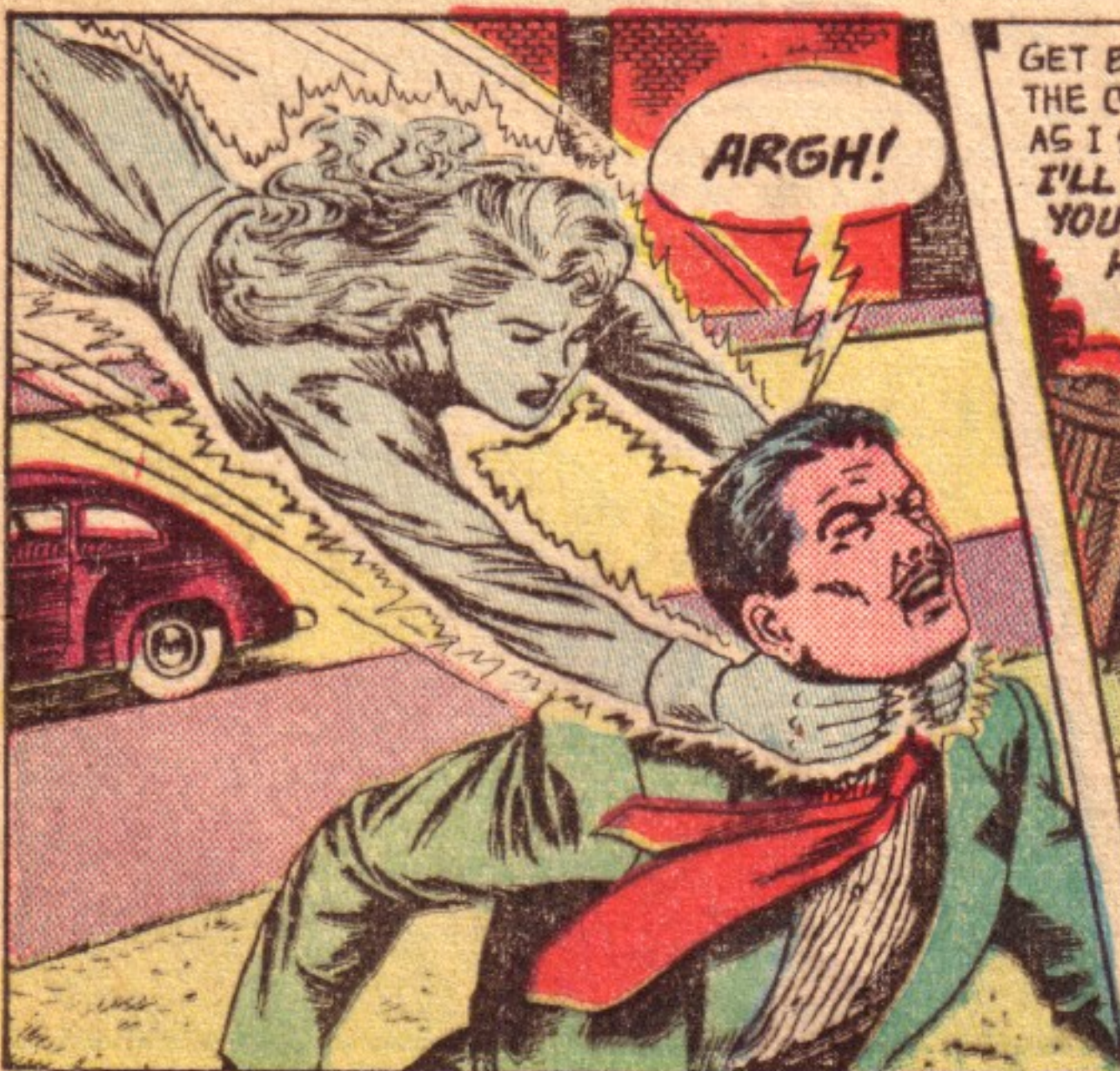
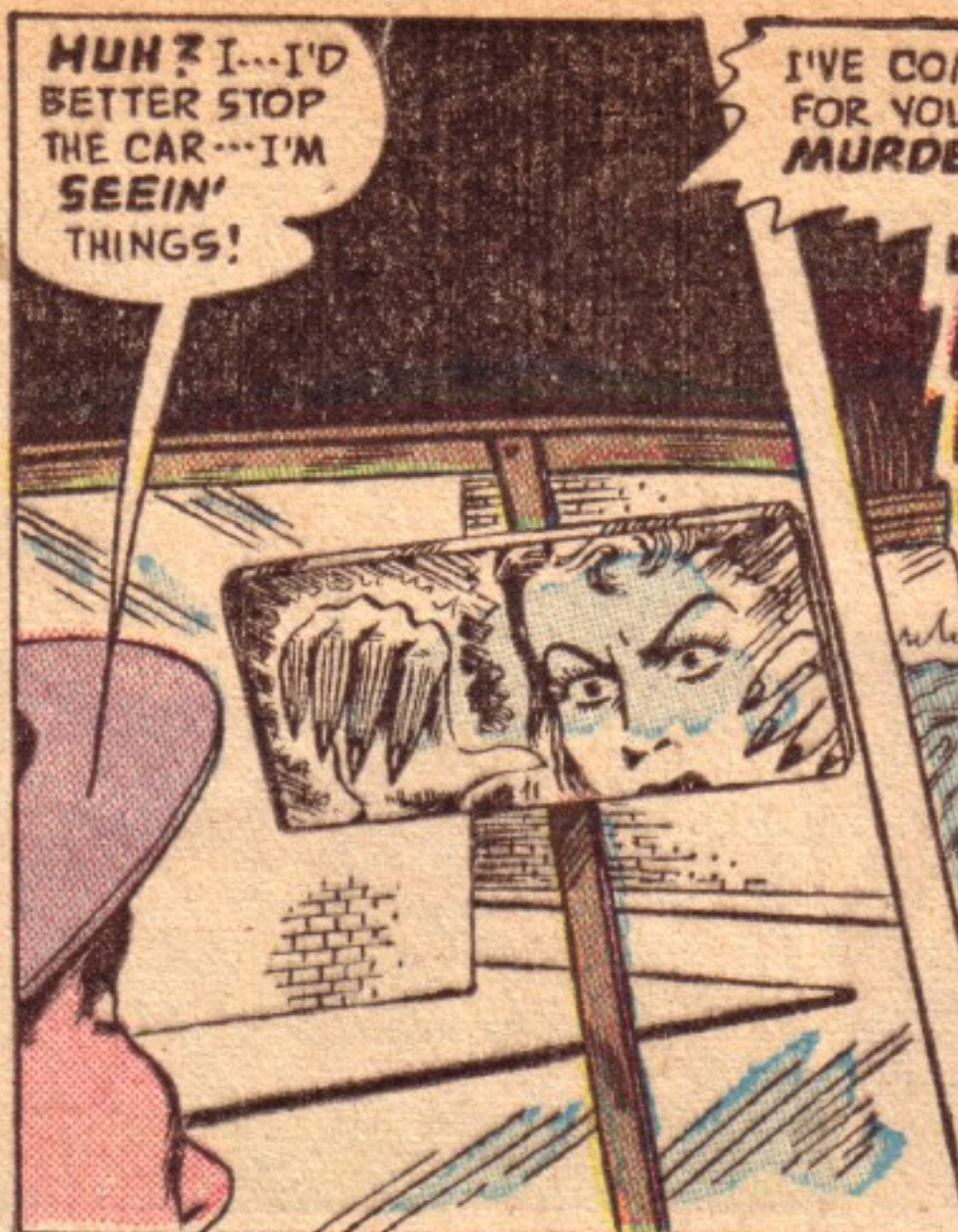
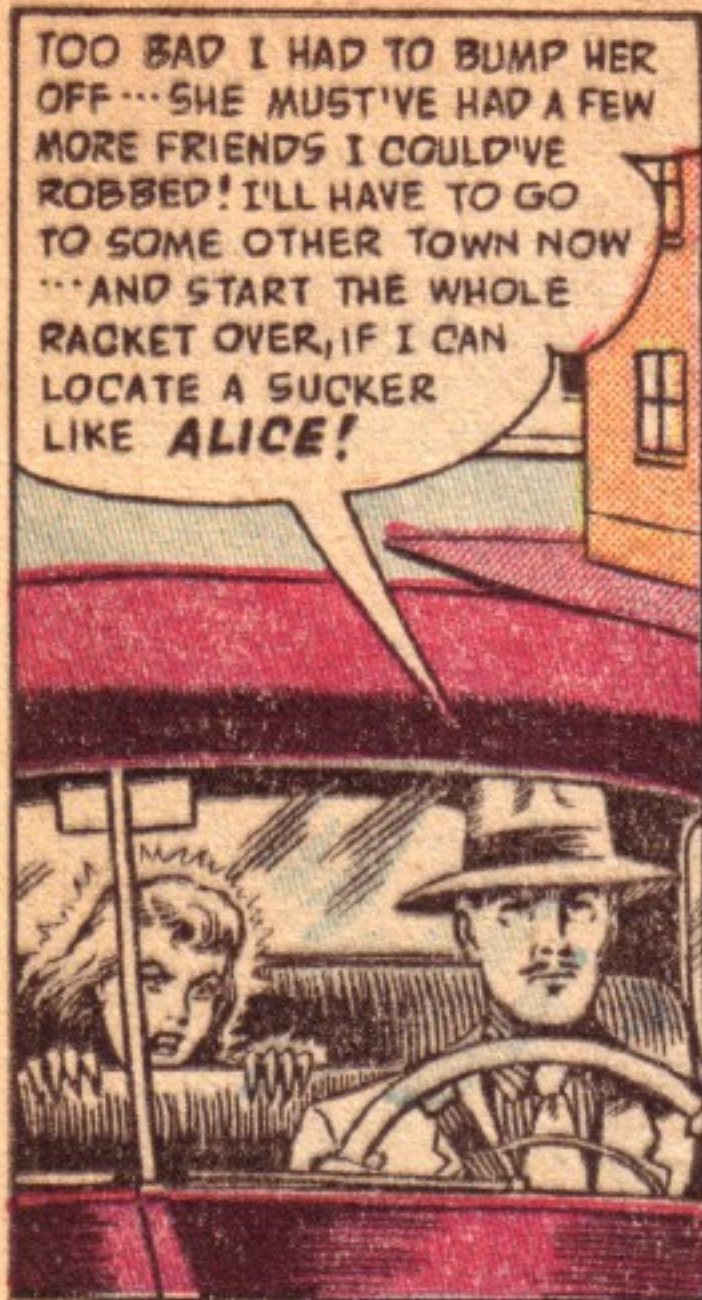
MEANWHILE...

GOODBYE, MR. WALTERS...IT WAS A PLEASURE TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU!

A PLEASURE FOR YOU! YOU'LL SELL THOSE HOT JEWELS FOR 300 GRAND...AND YOU ONLY PAID ME A THIRD OF THAT! OH WELL, I CAN'T COMPLAIN...I CLEANED UP PLENTY IN THIS BURG...THANKS TO THAT DUMB ALICE BEAUMONT!

JEWELRY  
GEMS  
BOUGHT  
AND  
SOLD







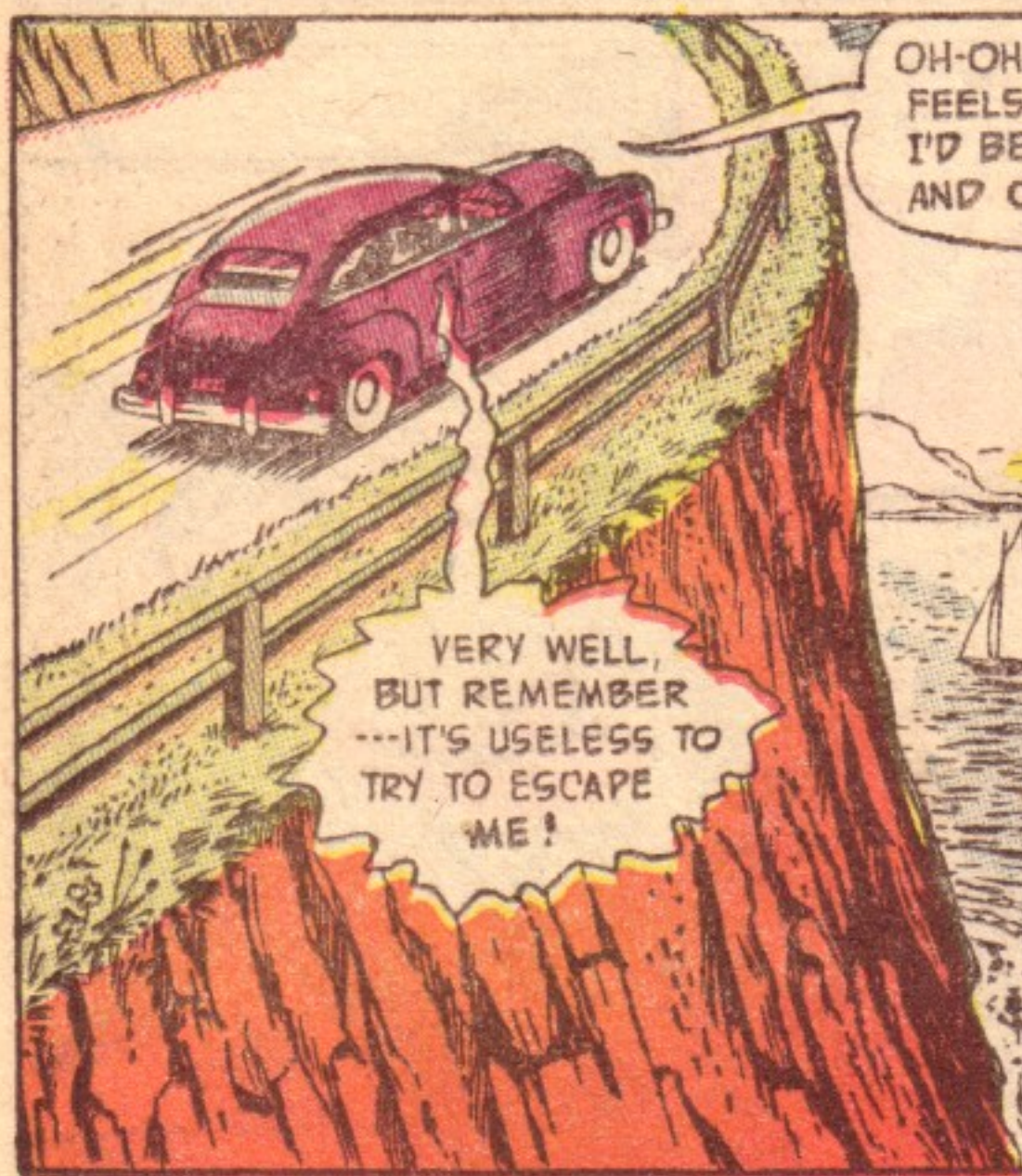
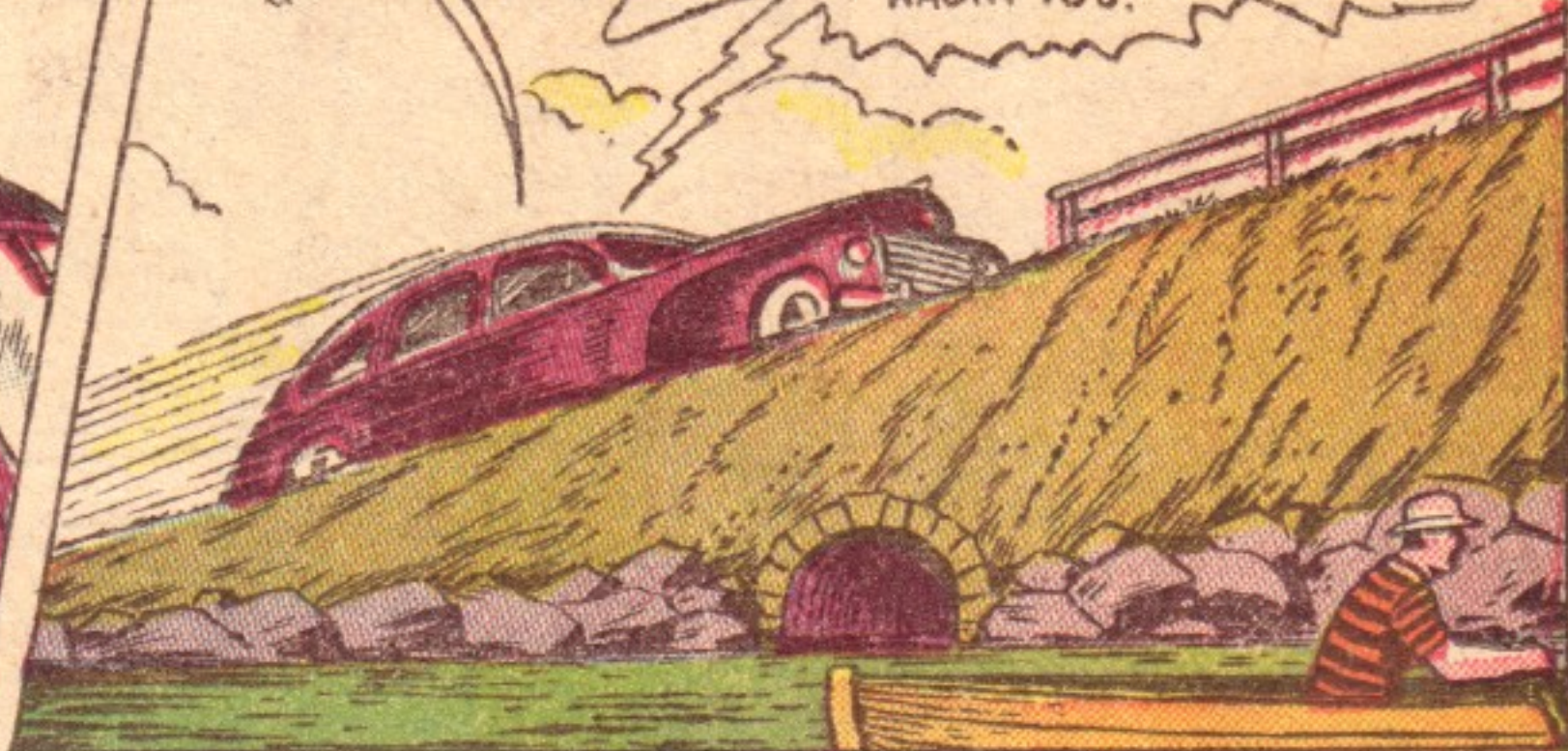
IF ONLY I CAN FIND  
SOME ANGLE...HMMM...

I HAVE NOT BEEN A  
SPIRIT LONG ENOUGH TO  
GAIN ALL MY POWERS! BUT  
THE **UNKNOWN** HAS GIVEN  
ME STRANGE WEAPONS TO  
FIGHT **YOU**... AND GAIN  
**MY REVENGE!**

I THOUGHT GHOSTS  
COULD GO RIGHT  
THROUGH SOLID  
OBJECTS... HOW  
COME **YOU** HAVE TO  
OPEN THE DOOR TO  
GET INTO THE CAR?

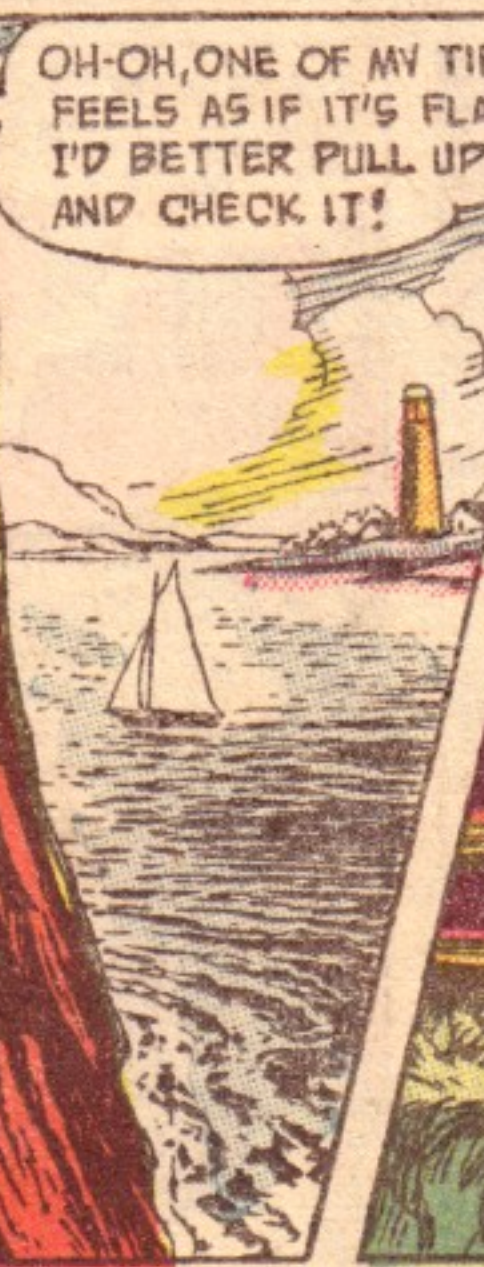
BUT YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST ONE I'VE KILLED...AND THE  
**OTHERS** NEVER CAME BACK TO HAUNT ME! WHY WERE  
**YOU** ALLOWED TO RETURN TO EARTH?

ONLY BECAUSE ONE DEAR TO ME MIGHT BE  
IN DANGER...IF I **DIDN'T** RETURN! BUT NOW,  
NO MORE QUESTIONS...**DRIVE TO YOUR  
HOME!** THERE YOU WILL SIGN YOUR  
CONFESSION, AND I WILL NO LONGER  
HAUNT YOU!



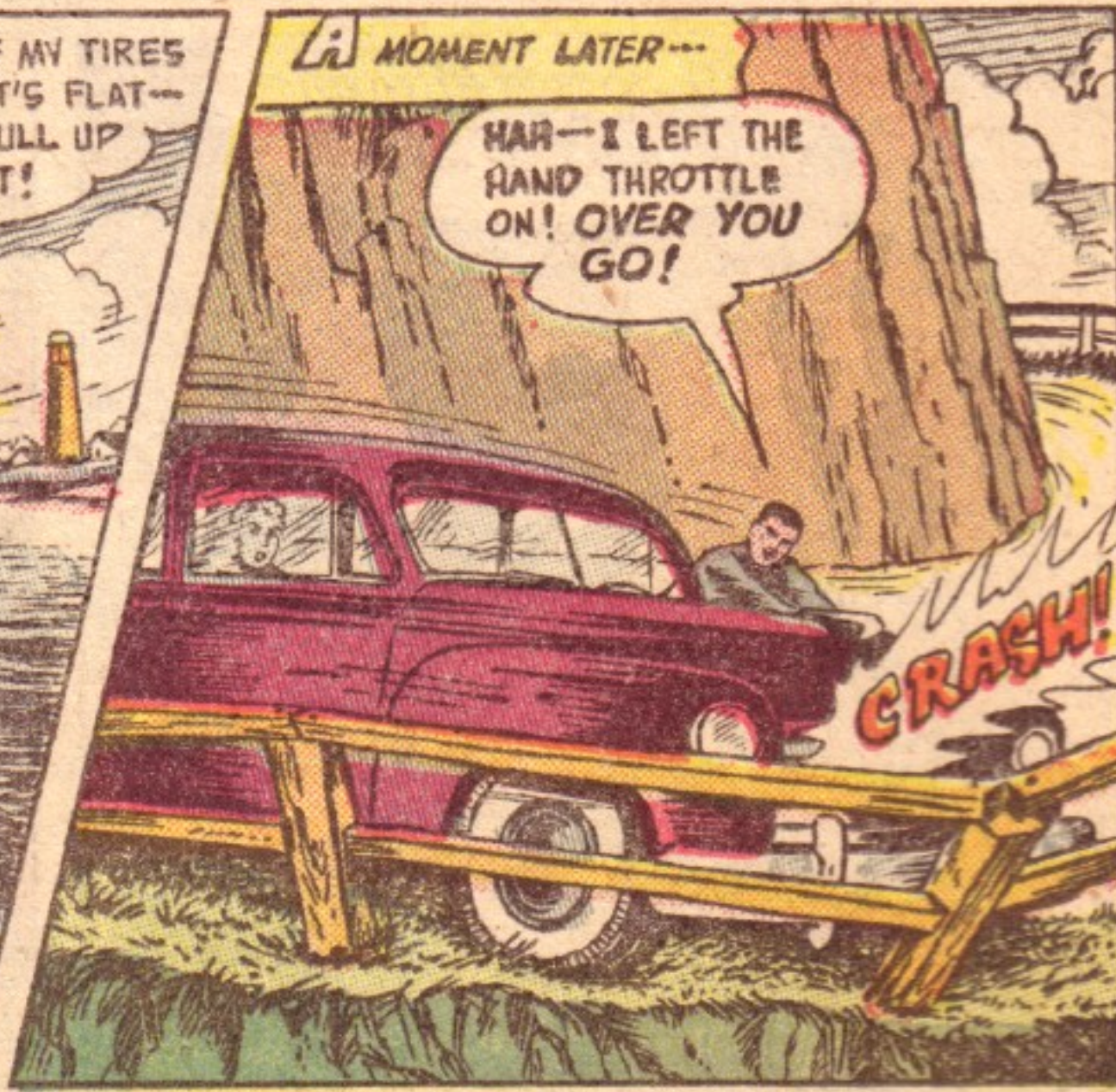
OH-OH, ONE OF MY TIRES  
FEELS AS IF IT'S FLAT...  
I'D BETTER PULL UP  
AND CHECK IT!

VERY WELL,  
BUT REMEMBER  
---IT'S USELESS TO  
TRY TO ESCAPE  
ME!



**A** MOMENT LATER...

HAR--I LEFT THE  
HAND THROTTLE  
ON! OVER YOU  
GO!

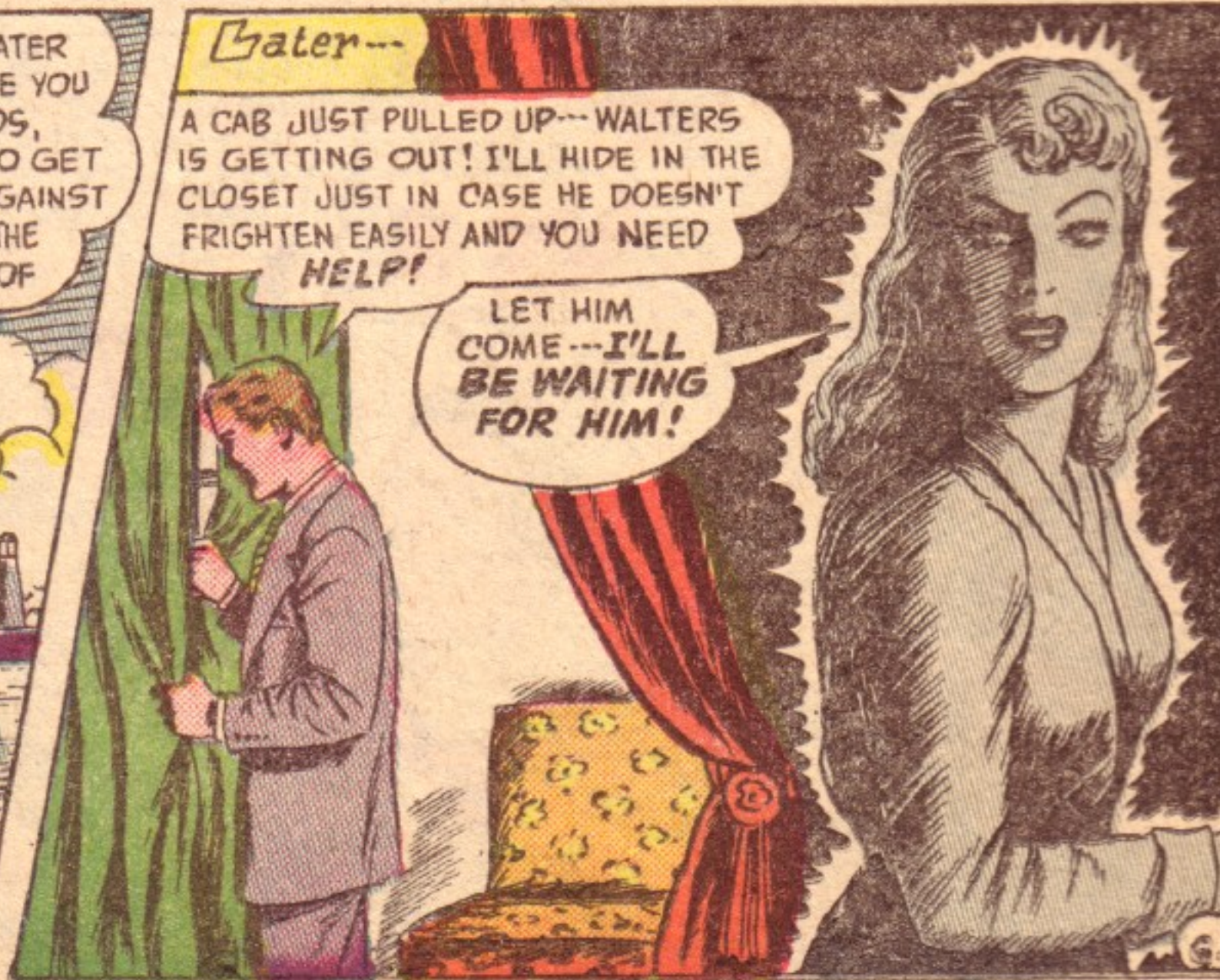


THERE'S FORTY FEET OF WATER  
AT THAT SPOT...AND SINCE YOU  
CAN'T GO THROUGH SOLIDS,  
YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GET  
OUT OF THE CAR AGAINST  
THE PRESSURE OF THE  
WATER! I'M **RID** OF  
YOU...**FOR GOOD!**

**Later...**

A CAB JUST PULLED UP--WALTERS  
IS GETTING OUT! I'LL HIDE IN THE  
CLOSET JUST IN CASE HE DOESN'T  
FRIGHTEN EASILY AND YOU NEED  
**HELP!**

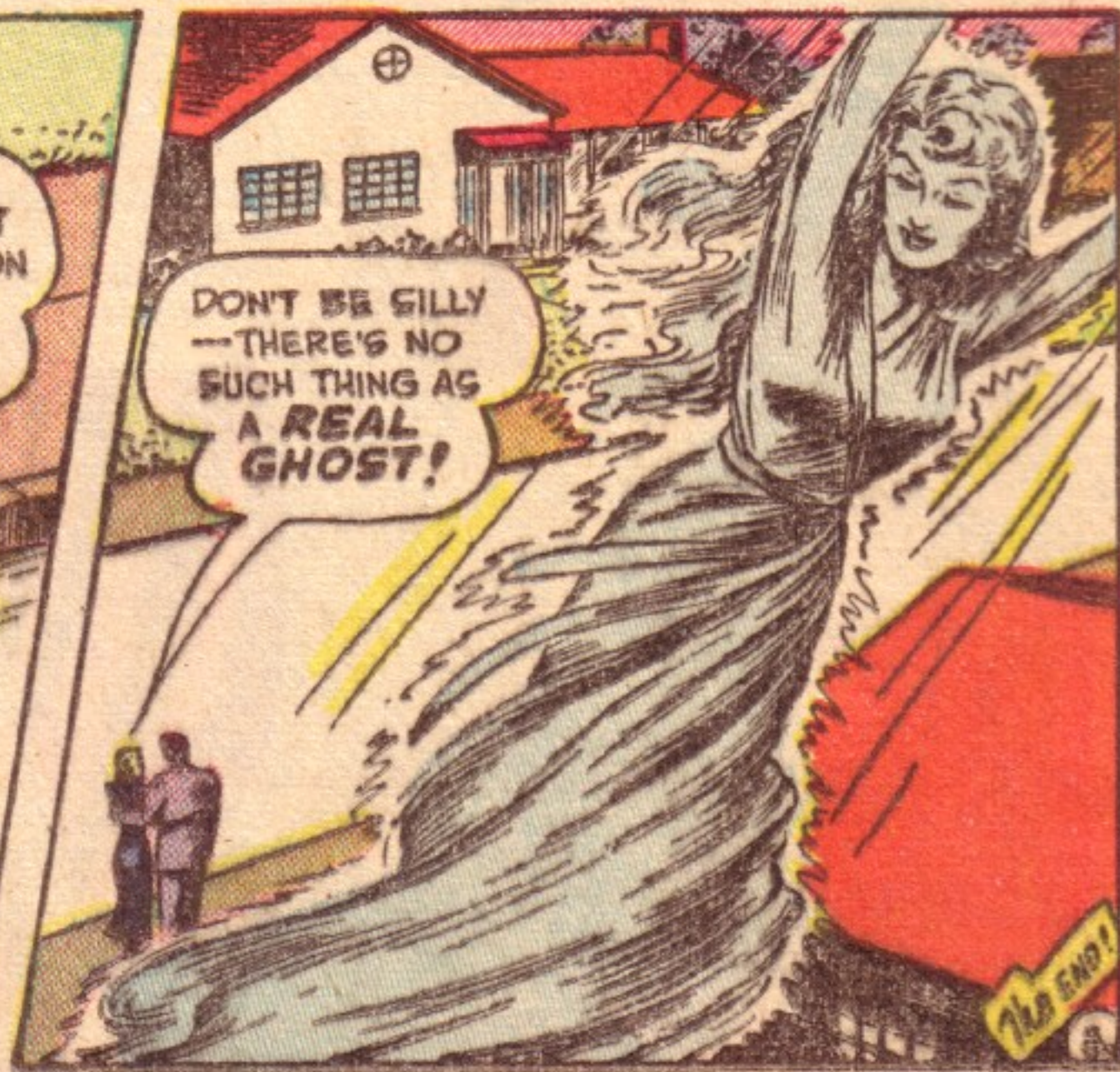
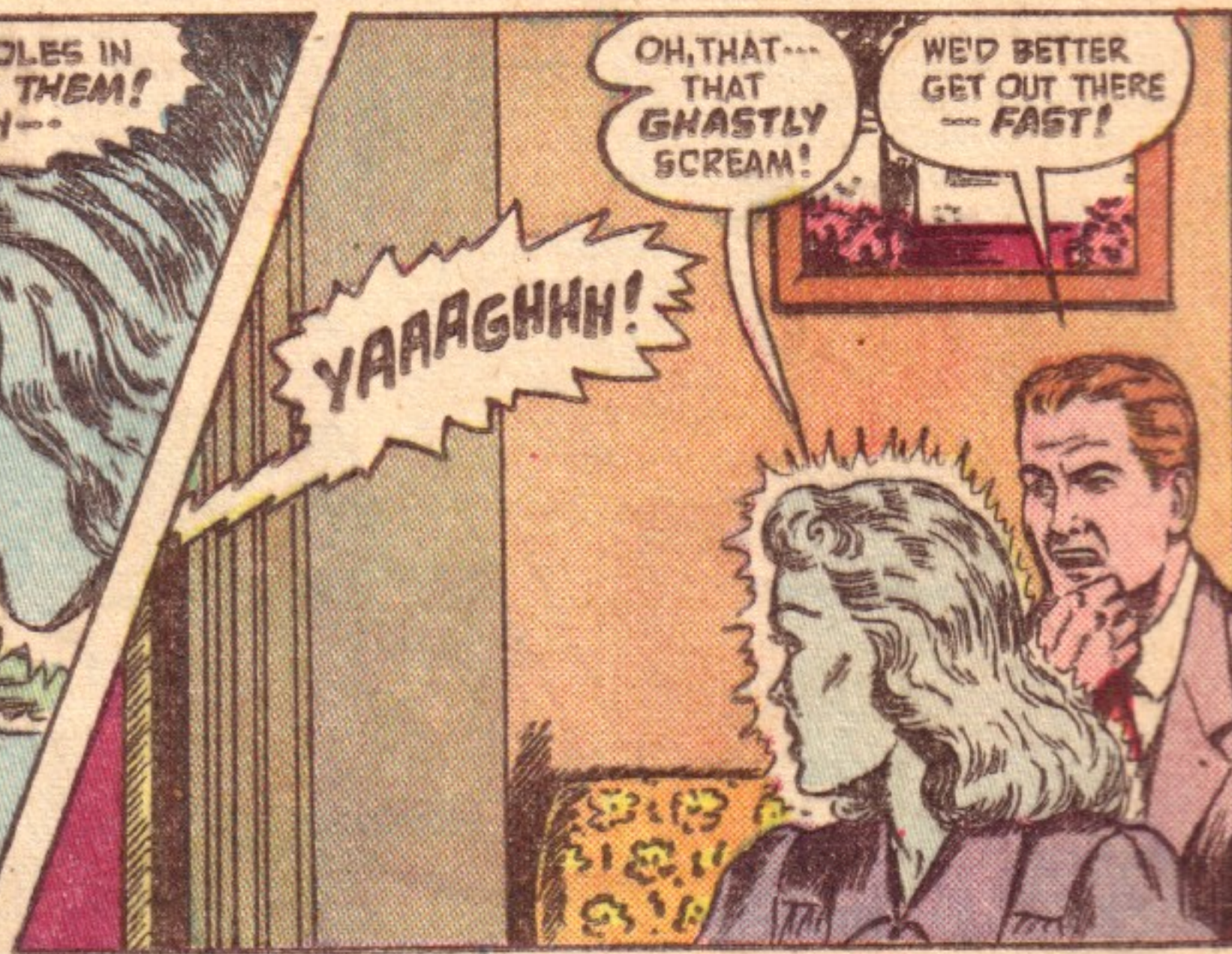
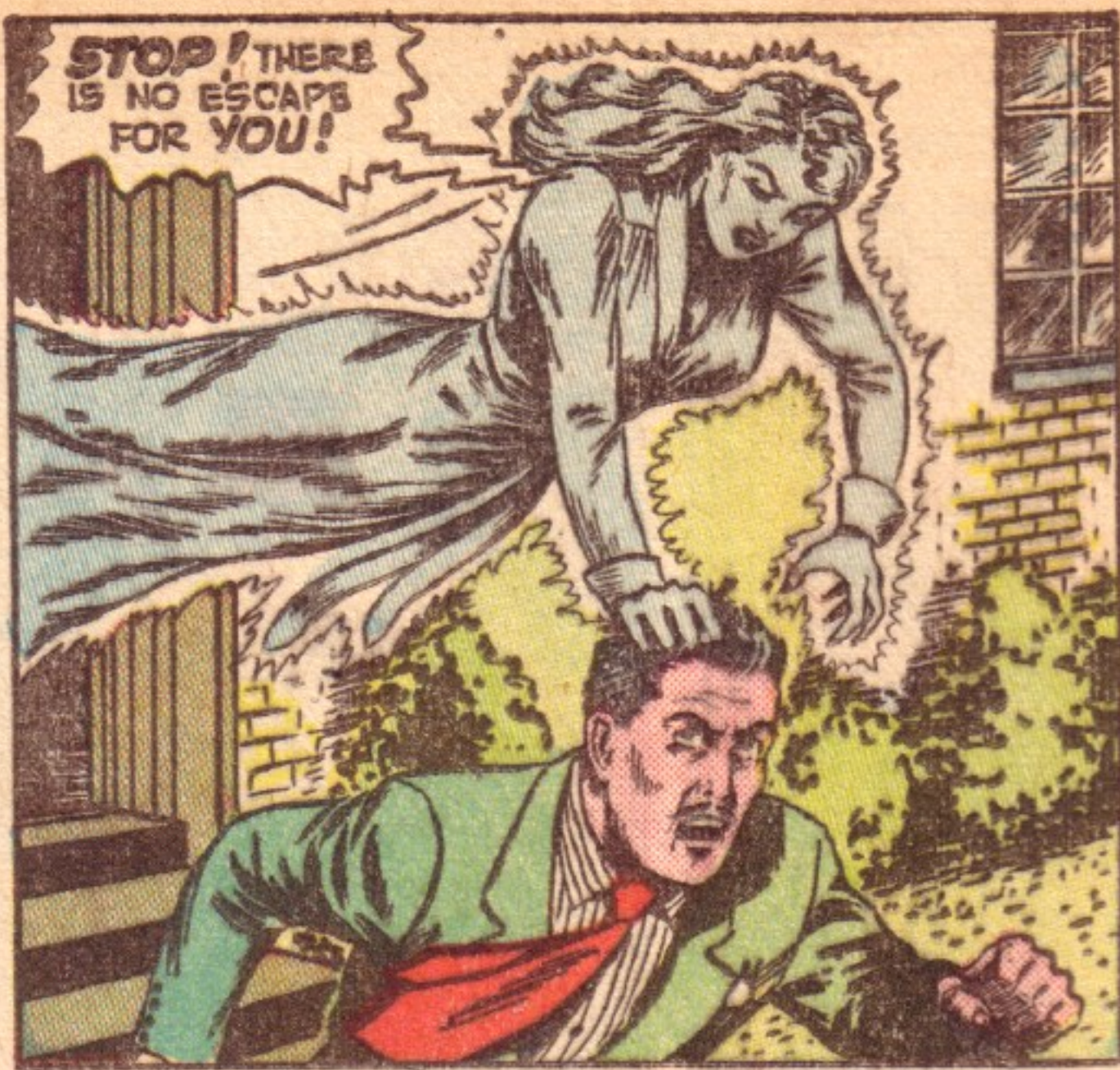
LET HIM  
COME--I'LL  
BE WAITING  
FOR HIM!





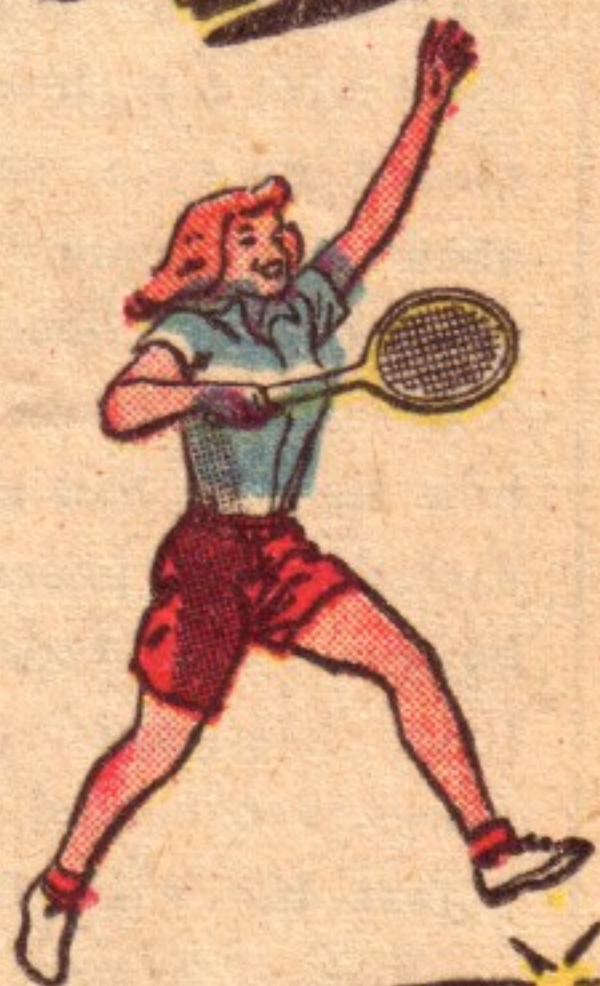








**PHIL RIZZUTO**  
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AMERICAN LEAGUE



**WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS YOU!**



THAT'S AN  
IMPORTANT  
TRAINING  
FACT!

CUTAWAY VIEW OF  
WHEAT KERNEL

**THERE'S A  
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT  
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!**

See that wheat kernel bursting with dynamic power? There's one of those in every WHEATIES flake—already to spark you every day.

**IRON**

**ENERGY**

**VITAMINS**



**BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS**

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GET **8** WALT DISNEY CHARACTER

Cinderella  
Mickey Mouse  
Pinocchio  
Brer Rabbit  
Lucifer  
Dumbo  
Bambi  
Donald Duck

**MASKS**

**RIGHT ON  
WHEATIES BOXES**

© WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS





# ENCHANTED

# LAKE

**BENEATH THE GOLDEN** moon, the waters of Enchanted Lake gleamed like a huge opalescent jewel. Drummond sat in the stern of his small cabin boat and drank in the bewitching beauty of the scene, thinking, "What an apt name for this lake--- I do feel enchanted!"

With an effort, Drummond finally roused himself enough to toss his fishing line over the side. Then, holding the pole in his hands, he leaned back in his deck chair with a sigh of great contentment and closed his eyes, wondering what there was about this mountain lake that had originally given it its enchanted name---

Drummond awoke suddenly, not knowing how long he had slept or what sound had disturbed his peaceful slumber. But then he knew what sound it had been---a deep, long, heart-stirring sigh that came from somewhere behind him. Slowly, almost against his will, Drummond turned in his chair---and stared. For a moment he refused to believe his eyes, thinking that the lovely vision before him was a mirage, composed of moonbeams and mist---but then the vision moved, advanced towards him with outstretched arms.

It was a girl, the loveliest girl Drummond had ever seen. Her hair was as golden as the moon above, and her face was the face that all men dream about in the secret depths of night. She smiled, and her lips seemed to promise love, rapture. Drummond's rapt gaze traveled down to her white arms, to her shimmering gown that swept across the deck as she walked slowly towards him---and as she came closer, his eyes were caught by the strange, crescent-shaped jewel that hung from her neck and shone with a thousand hidden fires.

But now that she was this close, almost touching him, he could see that she was wet from head to hem, with silvery droplets of lake water falling almost at his feet from her outstretched fingertips. Drummond ached to ask who she was, where she had come from, why she had swum out from shore to his boat---but he feared that the slightest word would break the magical spell she had somehow woven around him, and so he kept silent.

Then her fingertips were upon his face, softly stroking with the touch of love. He started to rise, hungry to put his arms around her, but an increased pressure of the fingertips told him she wished him to remain seated. Her fingers went next to his eyes, gently closing the lids, stroking them tenderly, so tenderly---

When Drummond awoke again this time, it was with a start. He stared around in bewilderment, remembering the girl, her touch, the moonbeams in her hair. Now both moon and girl were gone, and in the east a red sliver of sun was turning the sky to fire. Drummond rose from his chair in desperation, knowing that he *had* to find the girl again---but as he stood up, his fishing line went taut, and the pole in his hands curved toward the water as if he had hooked something.

With a sudden chilling premonition, Drummond began to reel his line in, knowing that the weight at the other end was too heavy to be a fish. Moments later, he was staring in horror at the *thing* at the end of his line. At last Drummond knew what had given the lake its enchanted name---for he had dragged up a human skeleton, around whose neck-bones hung a strange, crescent-shaped jewel that shone with a thousand hidden fires in the red dawn.



# THE HOWLING HUNTERS



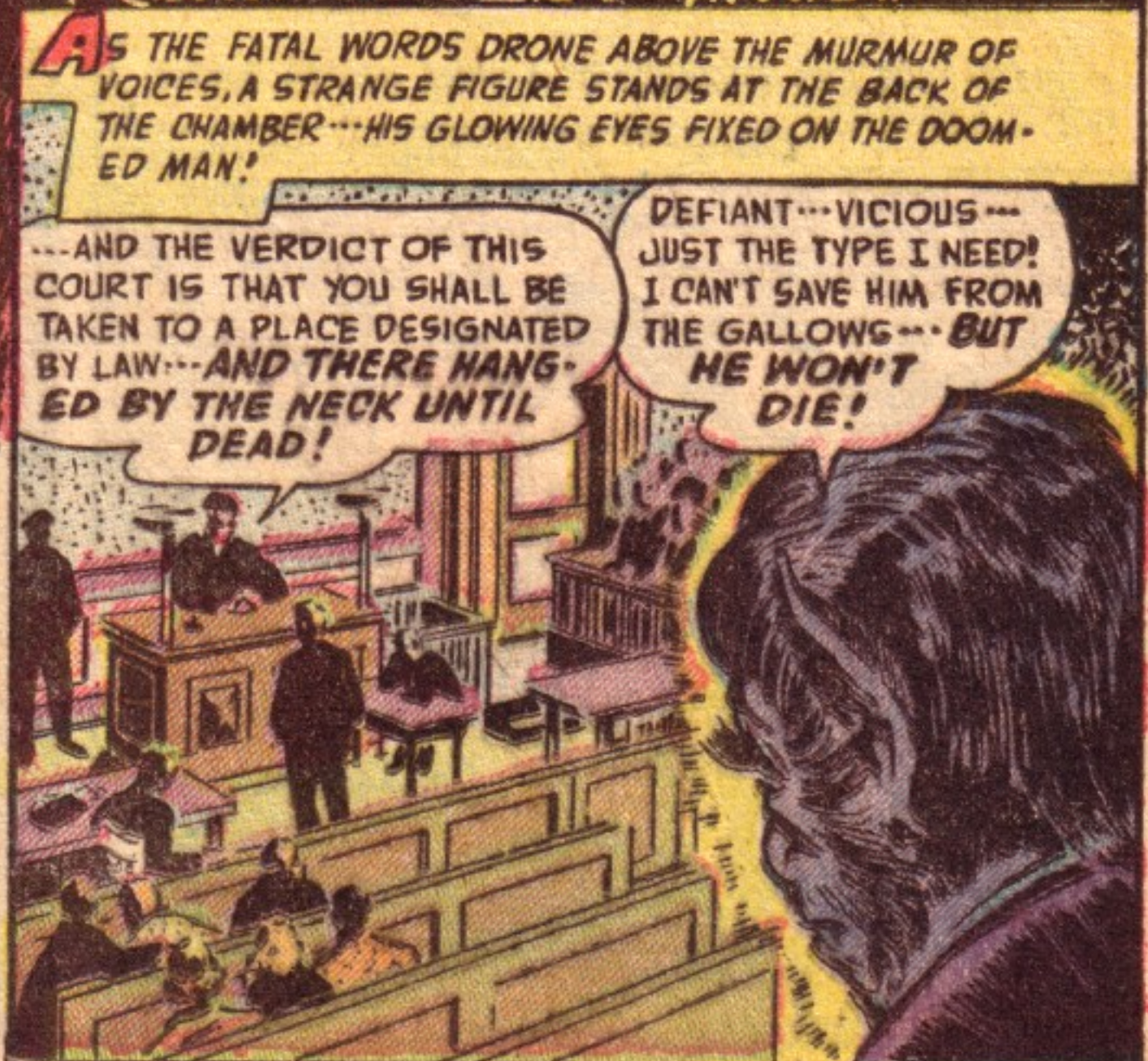
**THIS IS THE STORY OF A PACT**  
 --A MIDNIGHT BARGAIN BETWEEN  
 A MAN WHO DESERVED TO DIE--  
 AND THE CREATURES OF DARKNESS  
 WHO SOUGHT OUT HIS LONELY GRAVE!  
 THE NEXT THREE NIGHTS SAW TWO IN-  
 CREDIBLE CHANGES TAKE PLACE--ONE  
 OF THEM WRITHING WITH HORROR--  
 AND THE OTHER SENDING AN UNWILLING  
 VICTIM TOWARD THE JAWS OF  
**THE HOWLING HUNTERS!**



**AT A SMALL COUNTRY COURTHOUSE...**

HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY  
 BEFORE THIS COURT PASSES  
 SENTENCE UPON YOU?

GET IT OVER WITH!  
 I WASN'T AFRAID WHEN  
 I SHOT THOSE BANK  
 GUARDS...AND I'M  
 NOT AFRAID  
 NOW!



**AS THE FATAL WORDS DRONE ABOVE THE MURMUR OF VOICES, A STRANGE FIGURE STANDS AT THE BACK OF THE CHAMBER--HIS GLOWING EYES FIXED ON THE DOOM-ED MAN!**

...AND THE VERDICT OF THIS COURT IS THAT YOU SHALL BE TAKEN TO A PLACE DESIGNATED BY LAW--AND THERE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD!

DEFIANT--VICIOUS--  
 JUST THE TYPE I NEED!  
 I CAN'T SAVE HIM FROM  
 THE GALLOW-- BUT  
 HE WON'T  
 DIE!



SOME TIME LATER...

MY SON---IT ISN'T TOO LATE TO REPENT! YOU'RE GOING TO YOUR DEATH NOW---GIVE YOURSELF THE COMFORT OF DIVINE MERCY!

SKIP IT! I NEVER SHOWED MERCY--- I'M NOT GOING TO CRAWL FOR IT---I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS!



That night...IN A LONELY WOODLAND GRAVEYARD...

NOW THAT WE'VE RECOVERED HIS BODY, WE'LL SEE HOW MUCH IT IS WORTH--- TO HIS GHOST!



Then...A DIABOLICAL INCANTATION RISES IN THE GLOOM!

KILLER WHO PAID THE LAW ITS DUE... THE HOWLING HUNTERS SUMMON YOU!



WHAT DID YOU BRING ME BACK FOR? WHO ARE YOU?

I AM THE WERE-WOLF LEADER...THE BEING WHO CAN GIVE YOU IMMORTAL LIFE...AS I HAVE GIVEN IT TO THEM!



THE PRICE IS SMALL... YOU MUST LOOK LIKE THEM...AND HUNT LIKE THEM... FOREVER!

I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO ANYTHING...JUST AS LONG AS I CAN LIVE!



Again...THE EVIL CADENCE OF A SPELL DRIFTS AMONG THE TOMBSTONES!

SPIRIT INTO BODY...BODY INTO LIFE...LIFE INTO HORROR!

SOMETHING'S CONTROLLING ME! IT'S IN THE COFFIN...DRAWING ME TOWARD IT!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT...BODY INTO LIFE...LIFE INTO HORROR...AS GHOST AND CORPSE ARE FUSED!

AAAAGH!

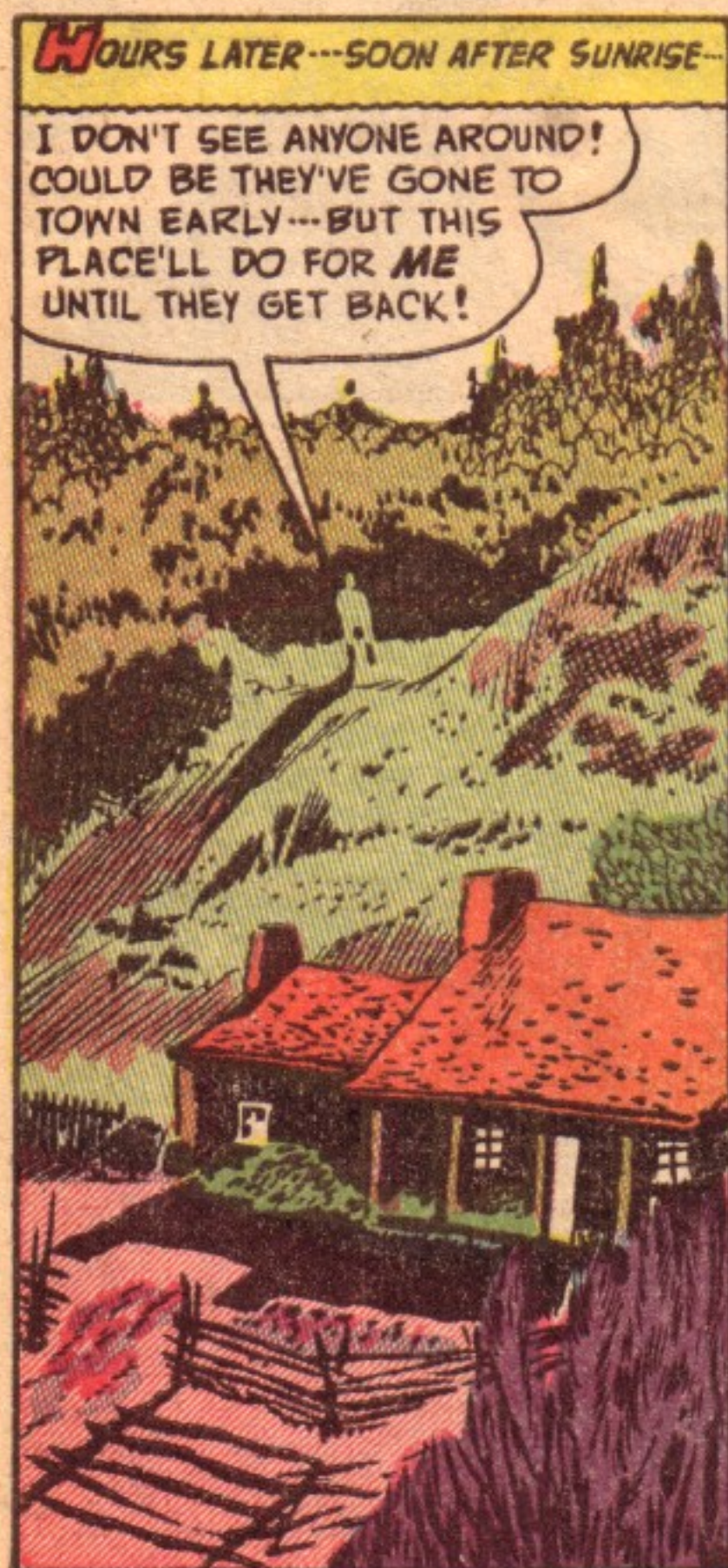
MY NECK...IT'S BROKEN!







*Then...AS AN UNEARTHLY CHORUS QUAVERS INTO THE NIGHT---*







US?

YES—MOTHER AND DAD AND I! BILL, THEY—THEY BOTH DIED LAST YEAR! THEY TOLD ME TO WAIT FOR YOU—SO YOU'D HAVE A ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD WHEN YOU GOT BACK—AND I DID!



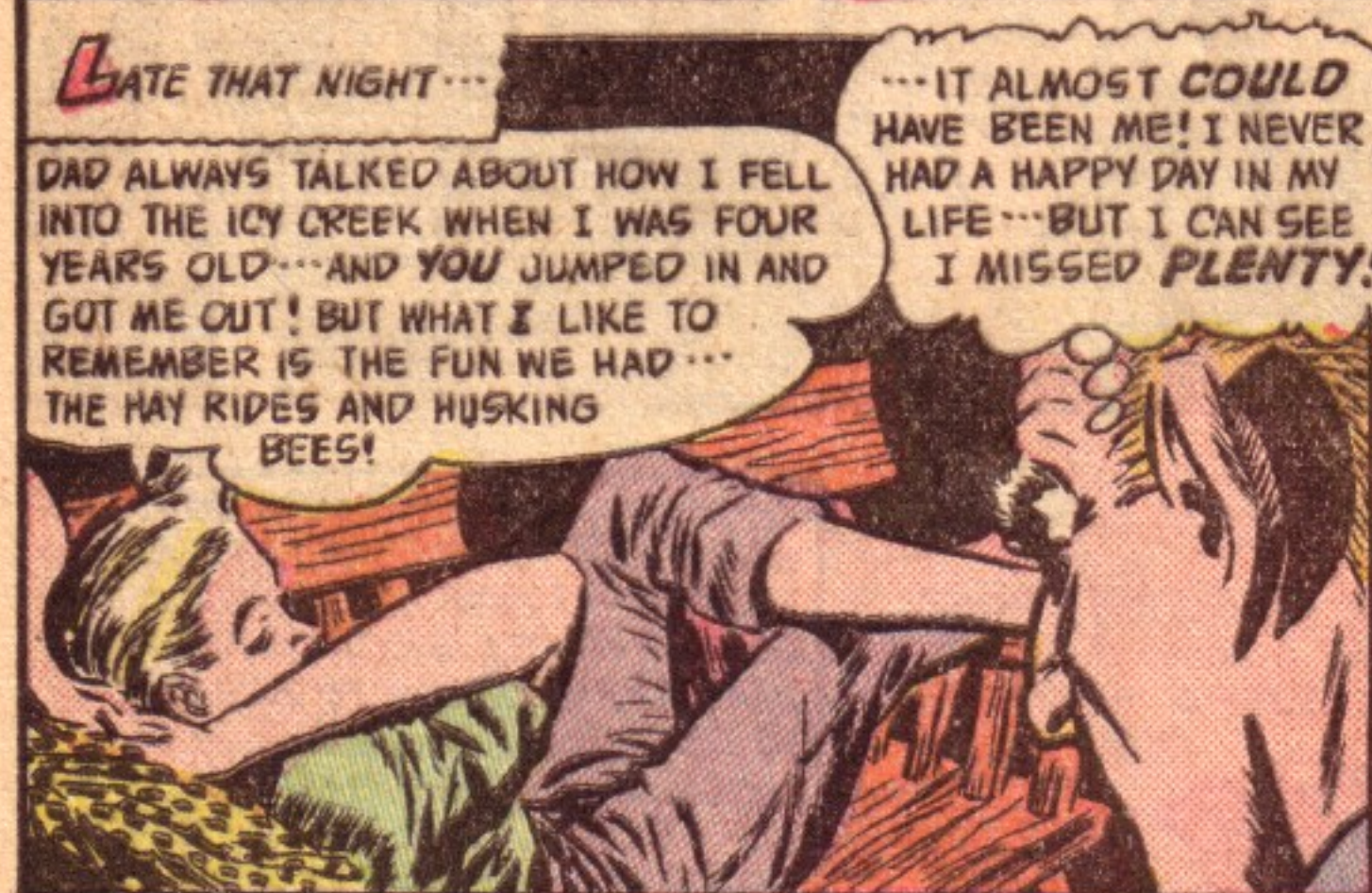
GOSH—I NEVER THOUGHT THERE WERE PEOPLE LIKE THIS! THE OLD FOLKS WORRYING ABOUT THEIR SON—AND SHE THINKING I'M HER BROTHER—THE BROTHER SHE WAITED FOR A WHOLE YEAR IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE—ALONE!

GOOD HEAVENS, BILL—WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WHAT'S THIS HORRIBLE RED MARK ON YOUR NECK?



JUST AN OLD SCAR—NOT EVEN WORTH TALKING ABOUT!

BILL, I SHOULD HAVE NOTICED IT BEFORE! YOU'RE WORN OUT—HALF STARVED—YOU'VE GOT TO REST WHILE I GET THE STOVE STARTED!



LATE THAT NIGHT...

DAD ALWAYS TALKED ABOUT HOW I FELL INTO THE ICY CREEK WHEN I WAS FOUR YEARS OLD—AND YOU JUMPED IN AND GOT ME OUT! BUT WHAT I LIKE TO REMEMBER IS THE FUN WE HAD—THE HAY RIDES AND HUSKING BEES!

...IT ALMOST COULD HAVE BEEN ME! I NEVER HAD A HAPPY DAY IN MY LIFE—BUT I CAN SEE I MISSED PLENTY!



SUDDENLY—RISING LIKE AN EVIL SIGNAL ABOVE THE STIRRING PINES—

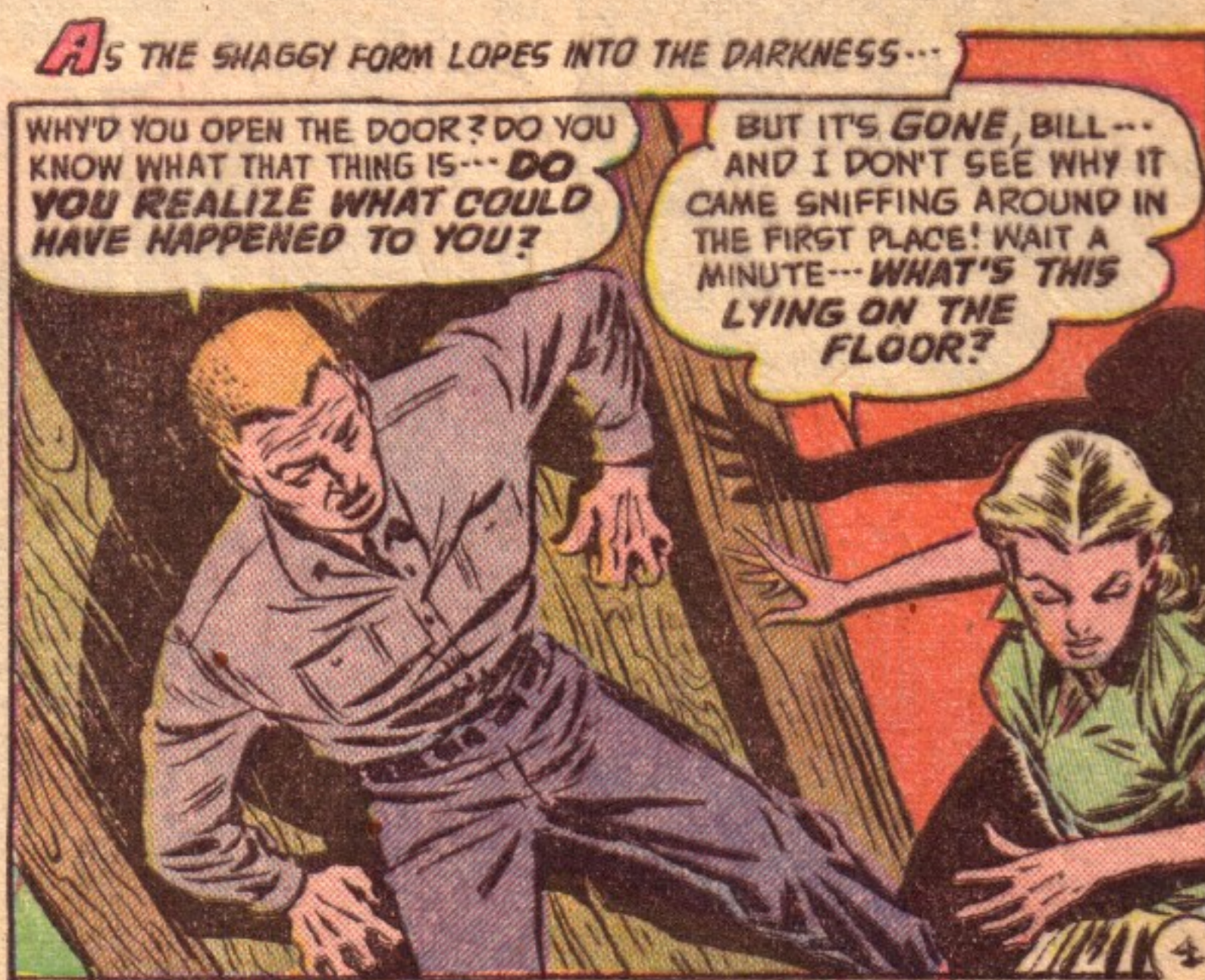
BILL—WHAT'S THAT? IT CAN'T BE A WOLF—THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY AROUND HERE FOR YEARS!



A SECOND LATER...

OHH!

YOU CRAZY LITTLE FOOL—GET BACK!



AS THE SHAGGY FORM LOPES INTO THE DARKNESS—

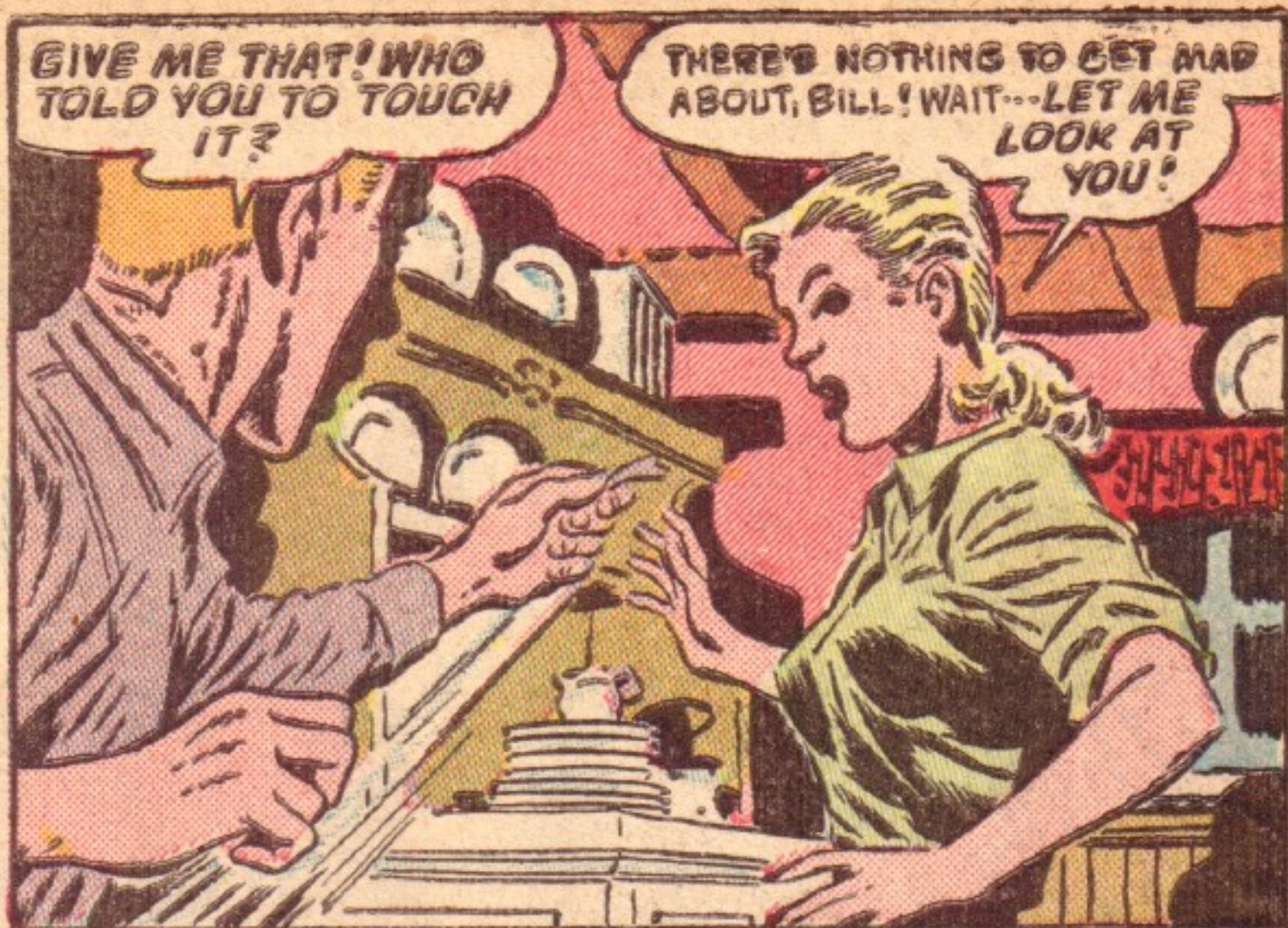
WHY'D YOU OPEN THE DOOR? DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT THING IS—DO YOU REALIZE WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU?

BUT IT'S GONE, BILL—AND I DON'T SEE WHY IT CAME SNIFFING AROUND IN THE FIRST PLACE! WAIT A MINUTE—WHAT'S THIS LYING ON THE FLOOR?



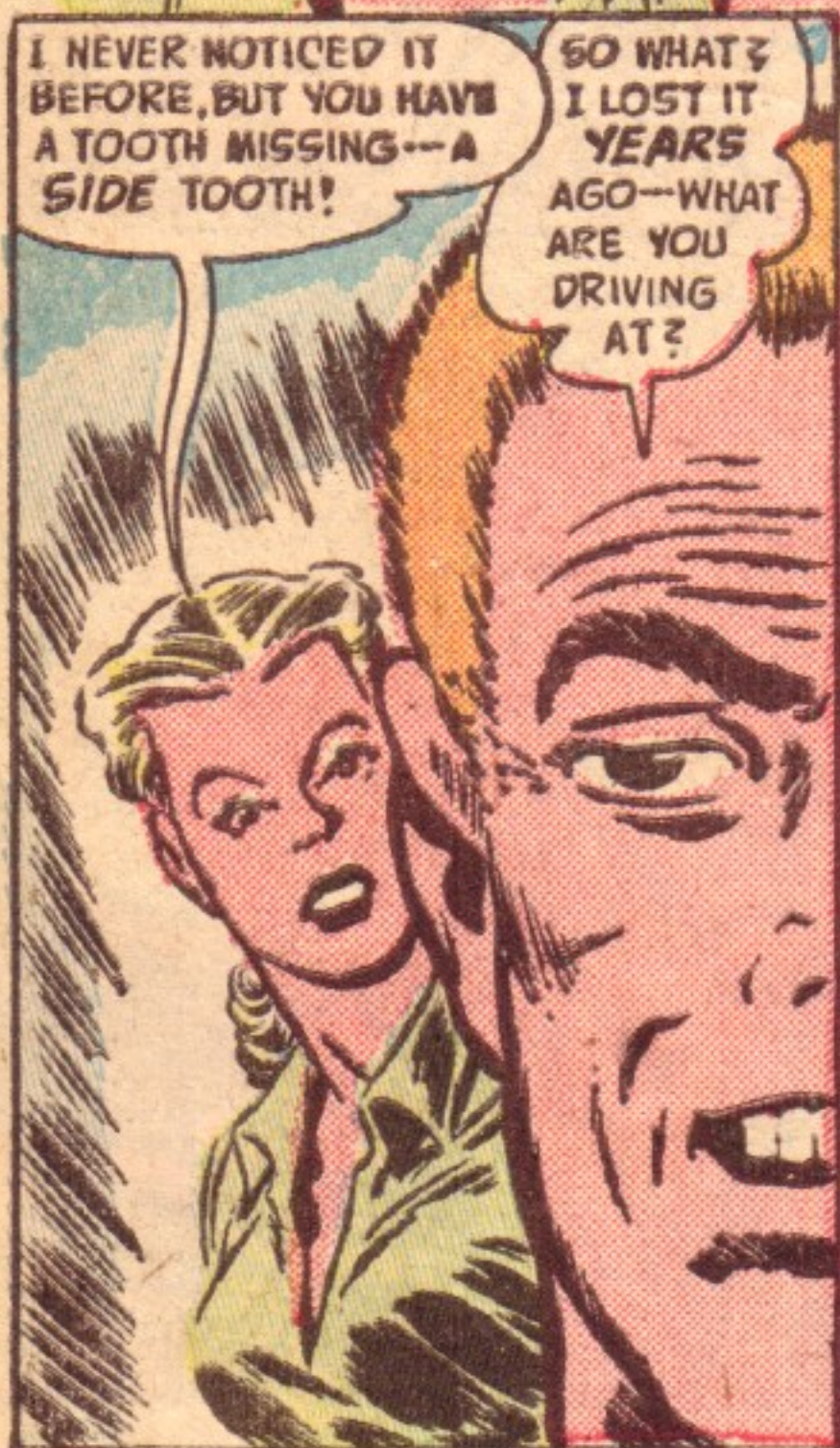


THAT'S STRANGER!  
WHITE---POINTED---  
GOOD HEAVENS, BILL  
--IT'S A FANG!



GIVE ME THAT! WHO  
TOLD YOU TO TOUCH  
IT?

THERE'S NOTHING TO GET MAD  
ABOUT, BILL! WAIT---LET ME  
LOOK AT  
YOU!



I NEVER NOTICED IT  
BEFORE, BUT YOU HAVE  
A TOOTH MISSING---A  
SIDE TOOTH!

SO WHAT?  
I LOST IT  
YEARS  
AGO---WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DRIVING  
AT?



TOOTH MUST BECOME FANG  
--THIS IS THE FIRST NIGHT--  
BUT I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD  
BE LIKE THIS! SOMEHOW I--  
I HOPE THE KID DOESN'T  
FIND OUT!



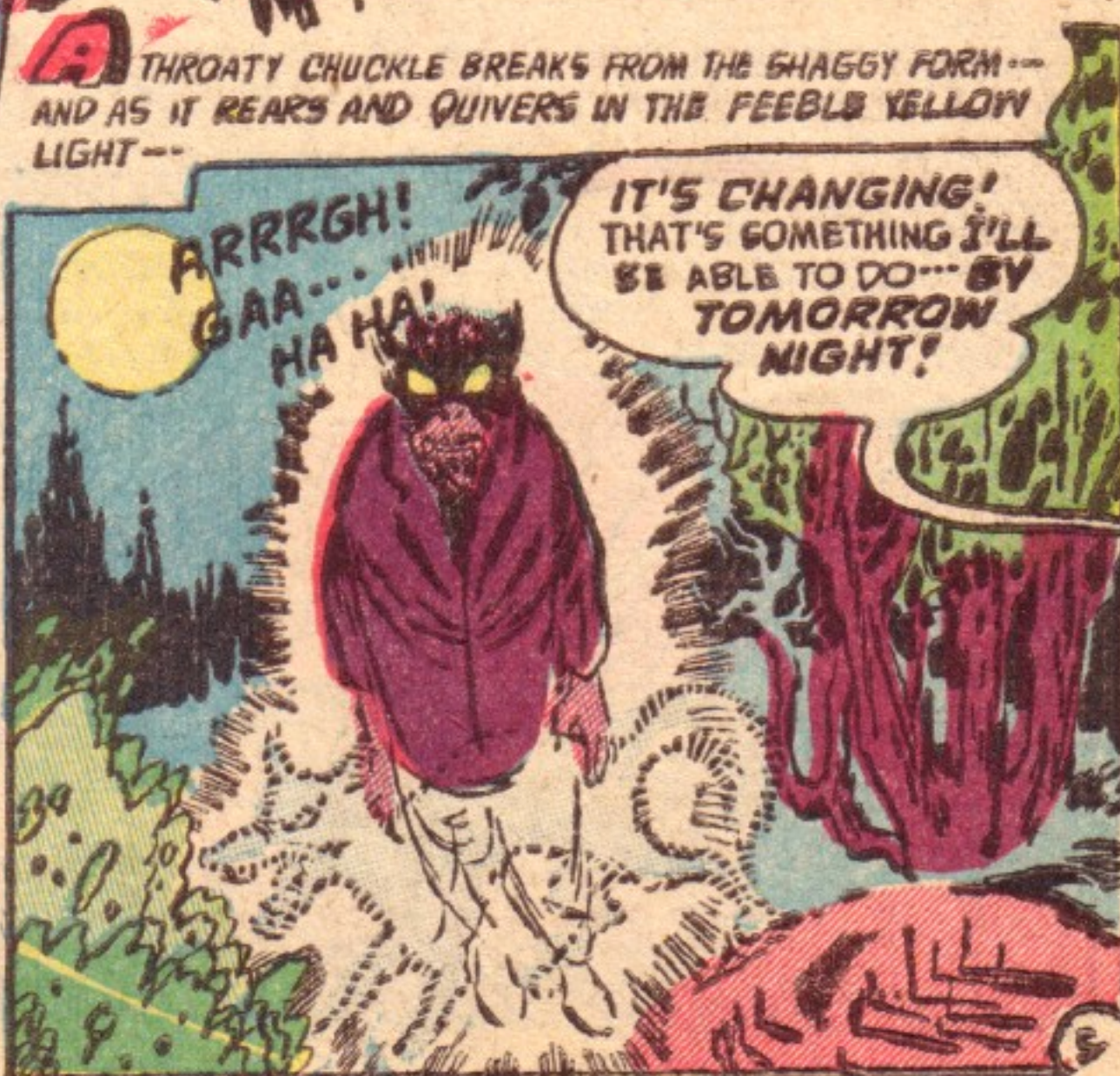
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT---WITH COLD  
MOONLIGHT ETCHING A PATTERN OF  
SHADOWS ACROSS THE CLEARING---

PSSST!  
WAIT!



AS THE SPECTRAL WOLF STOPS---ITS BLAZING EYES  
ALIVE IN THE DARKNESS---

I WAS EXPECTING YOU! IF  
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING  
FOR ME---YOU CAN GIVE  
IT TO ME HERE!

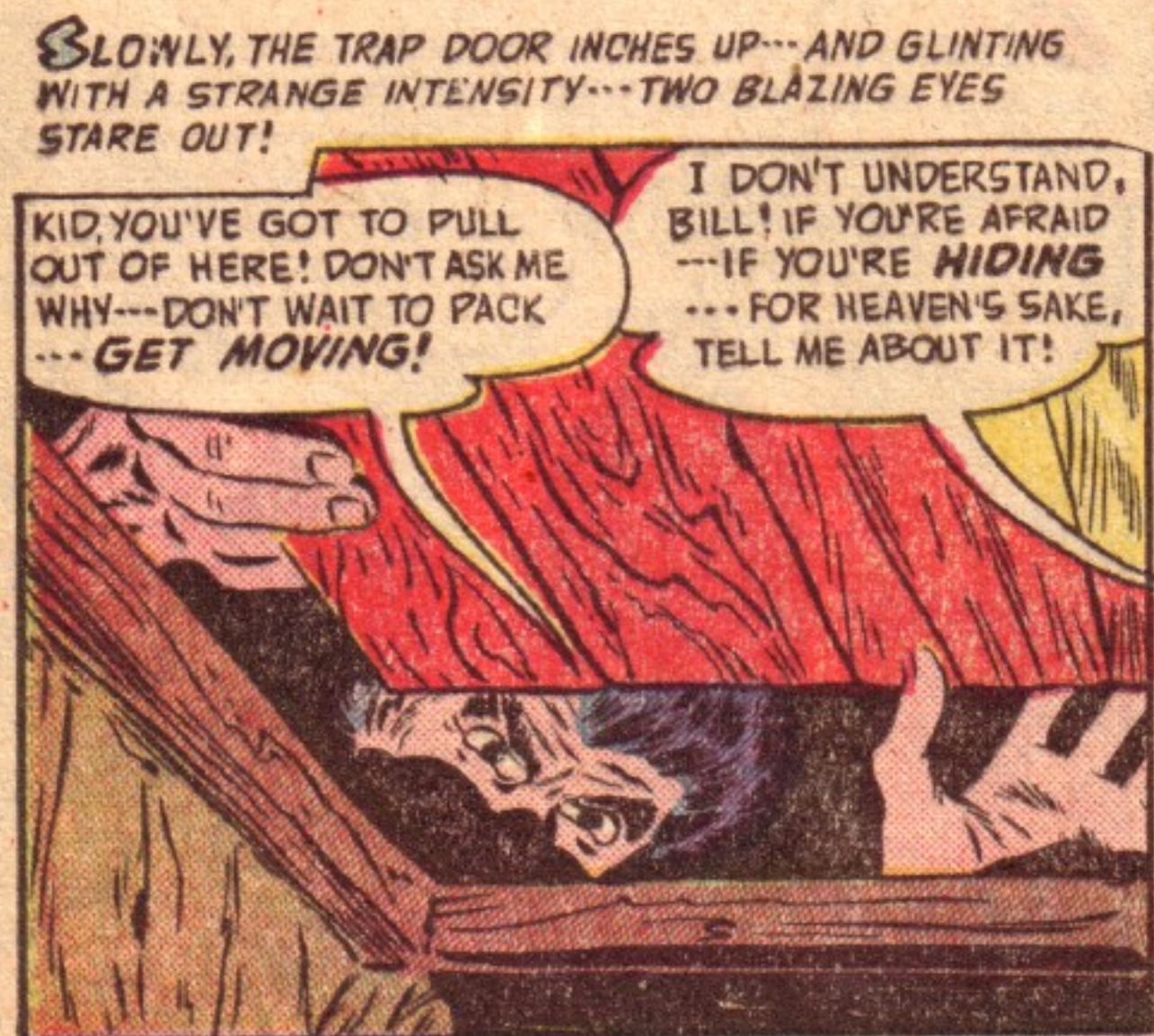


A THROATY CHUCKLE BREAKS FROM THE SHAGGY FORM---  
AND AS IT REARS AND QUIVERS IN THE FEEBLE YELLOW  
LIGHT---

ARRRGH!  
GAA...  
HA HA!

IT'S CHANGING!  
THAT'S SOMETHING I'LL  
BE ABLE TO DO---BY  
TOMORROW  
NIGHT!







I'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN--AND THANK GOD, SHE WON'T SEE ME! SO LONG, KID--AND THANKS FOR TREATING ME LIKE--A HUMAN!



Then, from far off--rising and fading through the misty woods--

THEY'RE COMING! THERE'S NO USE WISHING NOW I'D HAD A BETTER LIFE--OR AN EASIER DEATH! I MADE MY BARGAIN--AND I'M KEEPING IT!



As darkness creeps into the attic like a black presence--and the waking bats scratch and rustle among the bare rafters--

IT'S IN THE CARDS--THE THIRD NIGHT--WHEN HAND MUST BECOME PAW! MAYBE I'LL FEEL BETTER ABOUT IT AFTER I'VE CHANGED--WHEN I'M TRACKING DOWN MY FIRST VICTIM! IT'LL BE A STRANGER THEN--NOT SOMEONE I'VE GOTTEN TO KNOW--LIKE HER!



But as the slow minutes pass--

THEY'RE STILL SAYING AROUND THE WOODS! IT COULDN'T BE THEY'VE FOUND A VICTIM OUT THERE--NO ONE WOULD BE WALKING AROUND IN THE DARKNESS--UNLESS--



...GOOD LORD  
...THE KID!



IN THE NEXT PULSING INSTANT--

MY HANDS! THEY'RE TIGHTENING--MY FINGERS ARE GETTING NUMB--AND I KNOW WHY!



HAND MUST BECOME PAW  
--NOW--NOW  
--WHEN I CAN'T OPEN THE DOOR!





FOR A SECOND, THE PANTING FIGURE  
TURNS DESPERATELY—AND THEN—

WHAT WAS IT THAT SPED THROUGH THE NIGHT WITH GASPING BOUNDS? NOT  
A MAN, CERTAINLY—NOT A PHANTOM—NOT A WEREWOLF! IT WAS A *WILL*—  
HEEDLESS OF ITS OWN DOOM AS IT RACED TOWARD THE HOWLING HUNTERS!



MINUTES LATER—IN A SPOT CHARGED WITH EVIL—

YOU'VE GOT HER! IF SHE'S  
BEEN HARMED—IF YOU'VE SO  
MUCH AS TOUCHED HER—

DO YOU THINK WE *WOULD*? SHE  
FAINTED AS THE PACK CLOSED IN—  
BUT WE'VE LEFT HER FOR *YOU*!  
SHE SHOULD REVIVE SOON—JUST  
IN TIME TO SEE YOUR *FINAL*  
CHANGE—AND AWAIT YOUR  
JAWS IN THE LAST  
MINUTE OF HER  
LIFE!



THE WORDS CAME SLOWLY—HARSH,  
DEEP-THROATED WORDS THAT SOME-  
TIMES BROKE OFF INTO A GROWL!

YOU THOUGHT YOU MADE A  
BARGAIN WITH THE LOWEST  
KIND OF HUMAN—A *KILLER*!  
BUT I *DIED* TO PAY FOR THAT  
—I SETTLED *MY* BARGAIN  
WITH A ROPE! NOW I'M READY  
TO DIE *AGAIN* BEFORE I  
BECOME A WEREWOLF—

—BEFORE I LET  
YOU DO ANYTHING  
TO *HER*!



YES, YOU'LL DIE—  
TORN APART BY A  
DOZEN RIPPING  
JAWS! AND WHEN  
THE PACK IS  
FINISHED WITH  
*YOU*—WHAT DO  
YOU THINK WILL  
HAPPEN TO  
*HER*?

YOU BLACK-  
HEARTED FIEND!  
I THOUGHT I WAS  
THROUGH KILLING  
WHEN I MOUNTED  
THE SCAFFOLD—







--- BUT I WAS  
WRONG!



The NEXT MOMENT SAW A FURRY  
MASS ENGULF A TOTTERING FIGURE---

AAROO!

GARRRGH!



--- AND A DEATH GRIP THAT TIGHTENED  
--- IN A CLUTCH THAT NOTHING COULD  
BREAK!

AAAN...  
AAAH...

**B**UT THE FURRY KILLERS HAD GOTTEN IN THEIR WORK---AND A MAN  
DIED AGAIN! WITH HIM, HE TOOK INTO ETERNITY THE EVIL LEADER  
OF THE WEREWOLVES---WHOSE DEATH SEALED THE DOOM OF THE  
GHOSTLY PACK!



AAAGH!

**A** MOMENT LATER---

**BILL!** HE MUST HAVE DRIVEN OFF  
THE WOLVES AFTER I FAINTED---  
BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO  
HIM?



**T**HE WRIST THE GIRL RAISED HAD NO  
PULSE---AND IT HAD NO PAW! IT WAS THE  
LIFELESS LIMB OF A MAN WHO HAD DIED  
AGAIN---AND REDEEMED HIMSELF!



HE'S DEAD! BUT THAT  
ANCHOR BILL HAD TATTOOED  
ON HIS ARM--- WHERE IS IT?  
THIS MAN ISN'T MY  
BROTHER--- HE'S  
A STRANGER!

I'LL NEVER KNOW WHO HE WAS---AND THE  
QUESTIONS I WANTED TO ASK WILL NEVER  
BE ANSWERED! BUT WHEN BILL COMES BACK  
---AND I KNOW HE **WILL** COME BACK---  
I'LL TAKE HIM TO THE GRAVE OF A  
**FRIEND!**



THE END!



EDITOR



**H**ELLO, FANS..OF "Adventures Into The Unknown"! It seems hard to realize, at times, that it's only a month between meetings---that's how lonesome your Editor gets for you! Seriously, we miss you and find it companionable and relaxing to sit down to another spook session with you, our favorite readers. We enjoy the feeling that you're all a part of this great magazine of ours, sharing in our problems and successes and giving generously of your opinions and suggestions towards the end of making "Adventures Into The Unknown" the foremost supernatural book on the stands. Many, many thanks for your loyalty and support---and we appreciate the fact that that support is also being accorded our fine new companion magazine---"Forbidden Worlds". The new baby's doing nicely, thank you, and following in its father's footsteps. Which means that instead of this single magazine which we originally published, you can now get fast-paced thrills, spine-tingling chills and delicious shudders from *two* action-packed magazines! And if it's out-of-this world gasps that you go for, be sure you read them *both* regularly! We promise---we

won't let you down!

We feel that we can prove this guarantee in the breathless issue of "Adventures Into The Unknown" which we're now bringing you. There's "The Spectral Sister", for instance---a living demonstration of truth being stranger than fiction, wherein a fake ghost is supplanted by an eerie, chilling specter from out of the Unknown itself. Then, there's "The Howling Hunters"---and this time, we're going to go out on the limb in the statement that here is one of the greatest stories of the supernatural ever printed. "Wings of Horror" is a *different* type of vampire story that hits home hard, and "The Zombies' Disciple" should prove tops for midnight creeps. "The Specter In The Show Window" is a novelty ghost story---we think you'll like it---and "Case of The Haunted Girl" is an interest-packed factual piece you won't soon forget!

We think all these make for a swell issue---but we want to know what you think! Address your letters to The Editor, *Adventures Into The Unknown*, at 45 West 45 Street, New York 19, N.Y. And now let's see what some of our other readers are saying!

"Dear Editor:-

I've read a lot of comics---all the money I get goes into them. You can't imagine how many I have, and I had thought that some of them were good. But now I've hit on 'Adventures Into The Unknown'---and it's by far the best of the lot! I especially enjoyed 'Ghostly Destroyer'. Keep up the good work!

--Rita Richman, Brooklyn, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

It's not often I write---but when I do, it has to be good. And there's nothing better than one of your 'Adventures Into The Unknown' before turning the lights out! Like your 'Thing At The Bottom of The Sea', for instance. Weird is putting it mildly! It's fantastic, uncanny! I just can't find words good enough to express my thoughts! Exciting, spooky---yet truly believable! The way I read your stories is to let my mind enter the pages as if I were there myself, sharing the thrills and danger!

--Leo Toutant, Youban, B. C."

"Dear Editor:-

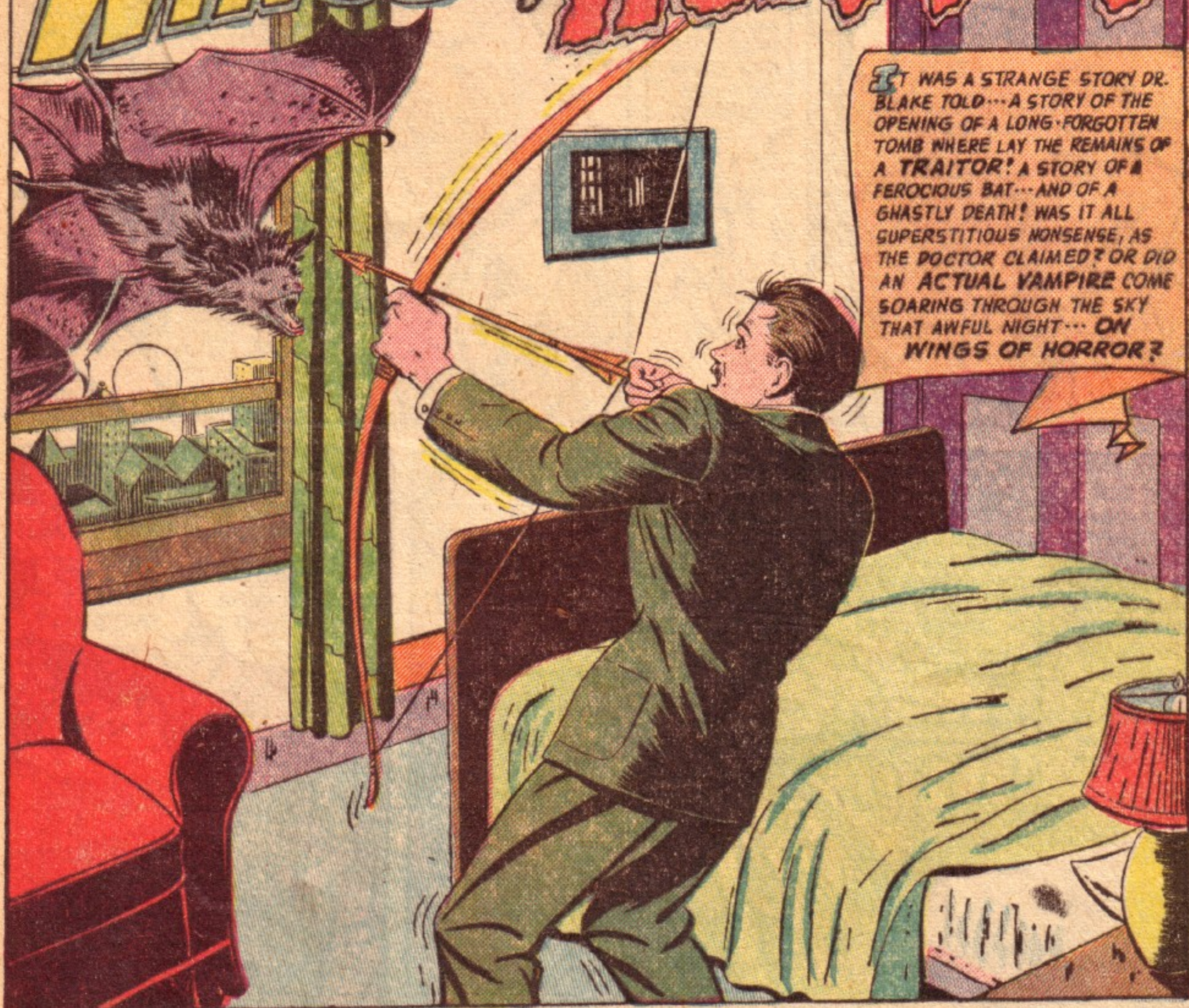
I just started collecting your wonderful magazine, and I am in deep wonder on how to obtain back issues. Your comic is tops with me, and I intend to buy every future issue!

--Richard Cheadle, Woodhaven, N. Y."

Have you read "FORBIDDEN WORLDS"?



# WINGS of HORROR



IT WAS A STRANGE STORY DR. BLAKE TOLD... A STORY OF THE OPENING OF A LONG-FORGOTTEN TOMB WHERE LAY THE REMAINS OF A **TRAITOR**! A STORY OF A FEROCEOUS BAT... AND OF A GHASTLY DEATH! WAS IT ALL SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE, AS THE DOCTOR CLAIMED? OR DID AN **ACTUAL VAMPIRE** COME SOARING THROUGH THE SKY THAT AWFUL NIGHT... **ON WINGS OF HORROR?**

IT WAS LONG PAST OFFICE HOURS WHEN DR. SAMUEL BLAKE RECEIVED A VISITOR...

SORRY TO DISTURB YOU AT THIS HOUR, DOCTOR, BUT I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU! NOT ABOUT MYSELF, BUT ABOUT... **VAMPIRES!**

THAT **BOB COWAN** BUSINESS, EH? WELL, COME IN! YOU'RE ANOTHER REPORTER, I TAKE IT?

NO--- I'M DOING RESEARCH INTO SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA, DOCTOR! I UNDERSTAND **YOU** CAN GIVE ME FIRST-HAND INFORMATION ABOUT SOME OF THE PECULIAR INCIDENTS THAT TOOK PLACE IN THE **COWAN AFFAIR!**

I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW! IT WAS TRULY HORRIBLE... NOT THAT I BELIEVE IT HAD ANY **OCCULT** SIGNIFICANCE, OF COURSE!

**BOB COWAN** WAS A YOUNG CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER... I KNEW HIM WELL! HE WAS VIGOROUS AND AMBITIOUS! **NOTHING** WAS GOING TO STOP HIM FROM GETTING TO THE TOP!







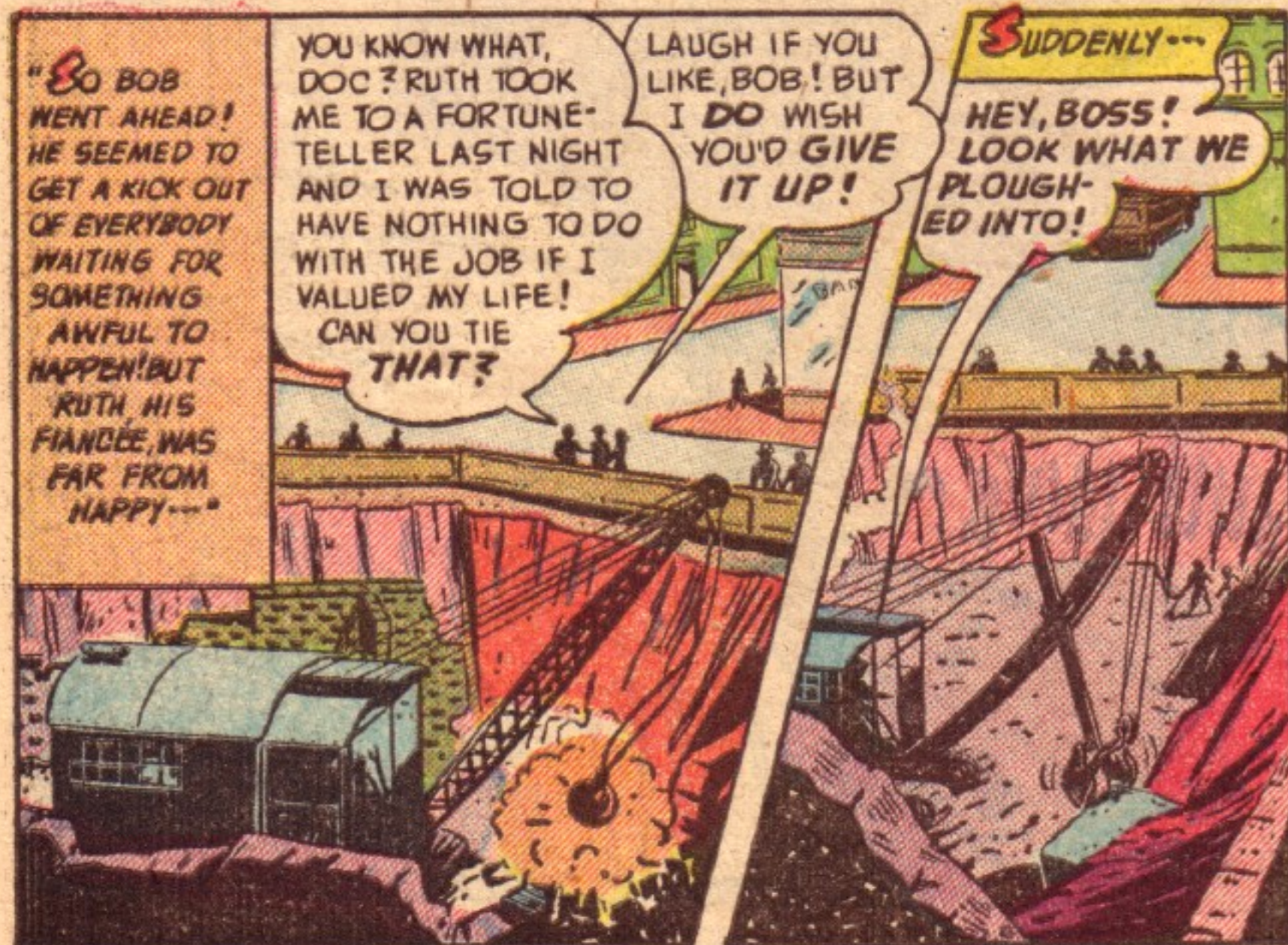
"I KNEW THAT OTHER FIRMS HAD JACKLED THE CLEARANCE JOB --- AND ALL OF THEM HAD GIVEN IT UP BECAUSE OF A SERIES OF WEIRD ACCIDENTS!"



"SO BOB WENT AHEAD! HE SEEMED TO GET A KICK OUT OF EVERYBODY WAITING FOR SOMETHING AWFUL TO HAPPEN! BUT RUTH HIS FIANCEE, WAS FAR FROM HAPPY ---"

"YOU KNOW WHAT, DOC? RUTH TOOK ME TO A FORTUNE-TELLER LAST NIGHT AND I WAS TOLD TO HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE JOB IF I VALUED MY LIFE! CAN YOU TIE THAT?"

"LAUGH IF YOU LIKE, BOB! BUT I DO WISH YOU'D GIVE IT UP!"



"IT TURNED OUT TO BE AN ANCIENT TOMB, HIDDEN UNDERGROUND FOR YEARS! THE BLOW FROM THE STEAM-SHOVEL HAD BROKEN IN PART OF ONE WALL!"

"BOB! W-WHAT ARE THOSE AWFUL THINGS COMING OUT OF IT?"

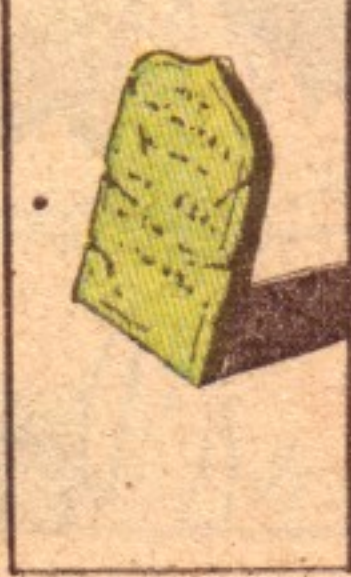
"JUST BATS, DARLING! THAT'S ALL!"



"I'LL ADMIT SEEING THOSE HORRIBLE CREATURES TAKE WING GAVE ME A SHIVERY FEELING! ONE BAT IN PARTICULAR! IT WAS THE LARGEST AND --- IF ANYTHING WAS THE PERSONIFICATION OF EVIL --- IT WAS!"



"WELL, THEY'LL REMOVE THE REMAINING RIGHT AWAY --- THOSE BATS WILL HAVE TO LOOK FOR A NEW HOME!"





"IT WAS KNOCK-  
ING OFF TIME FOR  
BOB, SO RUTH  
AND I WENT BACK  
WITH HIM TO THE  
APARTMENT HE HAD  
TAKEN NEARBY! WE  
WERE SITTING  
OUT ON THE  
SMALL BALCONY,  
SIPPING COOL  
DRINKS WHEN  
SUDDENLY--RUTH  
SHRIEKED!"



OH HHHH!  
IT'S A  
BAT!

SO IT IS! WELL,  
BATS COME OUT  
ABOUT THIS TIME,  
RUTH! CALM DOWN  
--IT ISN'T GOING  
TO HURT YOU!

BUT SHE WAS STILL AGITATED AS WE LEFT TOGETHER!

NIGHT, SWEETHEART!  
HAVE A GOOD SLEEP  
AND FORGET ALL ABOUT  
THIS STUPID STUFF!

GET A GOOD SLEEP  
YOURSELF, BOB! YOU'VE  
BEEN PUSHING YOUR-  
SELF TOO HARD!



"AS SOON AS WE'D  
LEFT, BOB PREPARED  
FOR BED! JUST BEFORE  
GOING OFF TO SLEEP,  
HE REMEMBERED SEE-  
ING A LARGE BAT  
SWOOPING CLOSE TO  
HIS WINDOW--- HE  
TOLD ME ABOUT THIS  
LATER ---"



"AN HOUR OR  
SO LATER, HE  
AWOKE WITH A  
START, FEELING  
STRANGELY WEAK-  
ENED! IT WAS THEN  
THAT HE GOT THE  
SHOCK OF HIS  
LIFE--- FOR THE  
FIGURE OF A  
MAN WAS BEND-  
ING OVER THE  
BED!"



WHO ---  
WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

"THE MAN  
WORE A MILI-  
TARY UNIFORM  
OF THE TIME  
OF THE REVOLU-  
TIONARY WAR!  
HE WAS HORRI-  
BLE TO LOOK  
AT--- LONG  
FANGLIKE TEETH  
PROTRUDED FROM  
HIS LIPS! HORRI-  
FIED, BOB  
PUSHED HIM  
AWAY!"

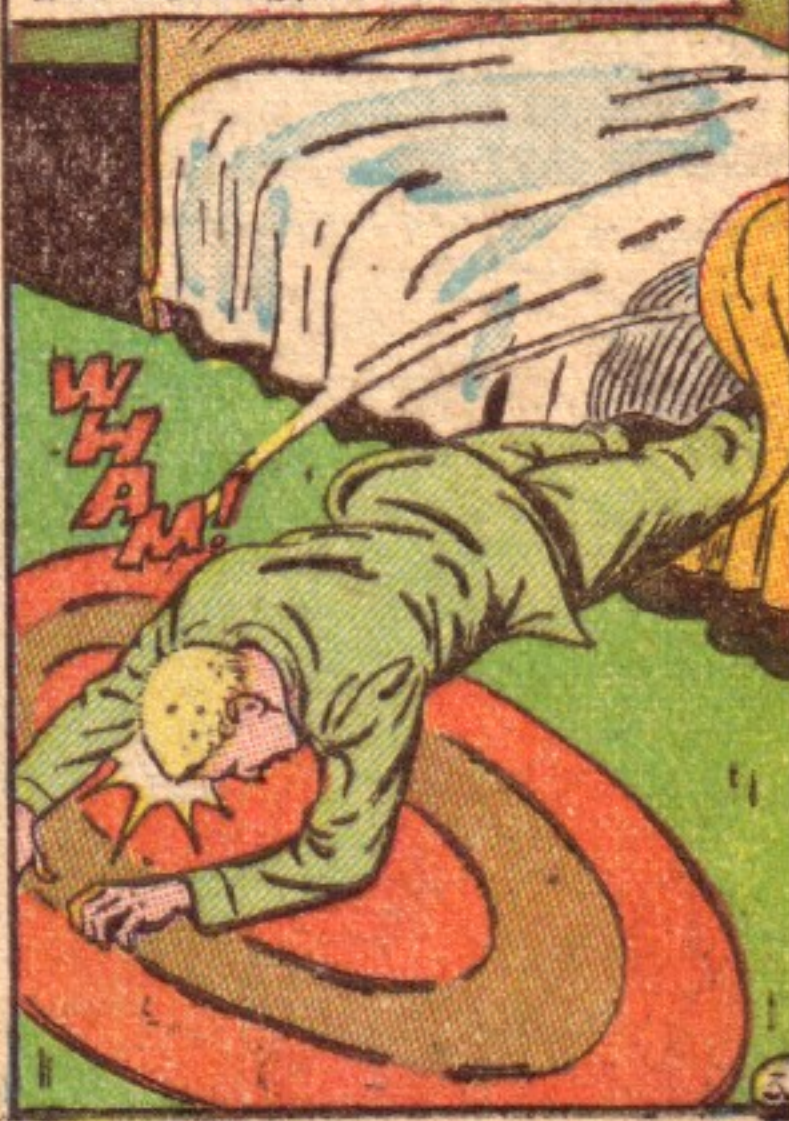
GET---GET OUT  
OF HERE!



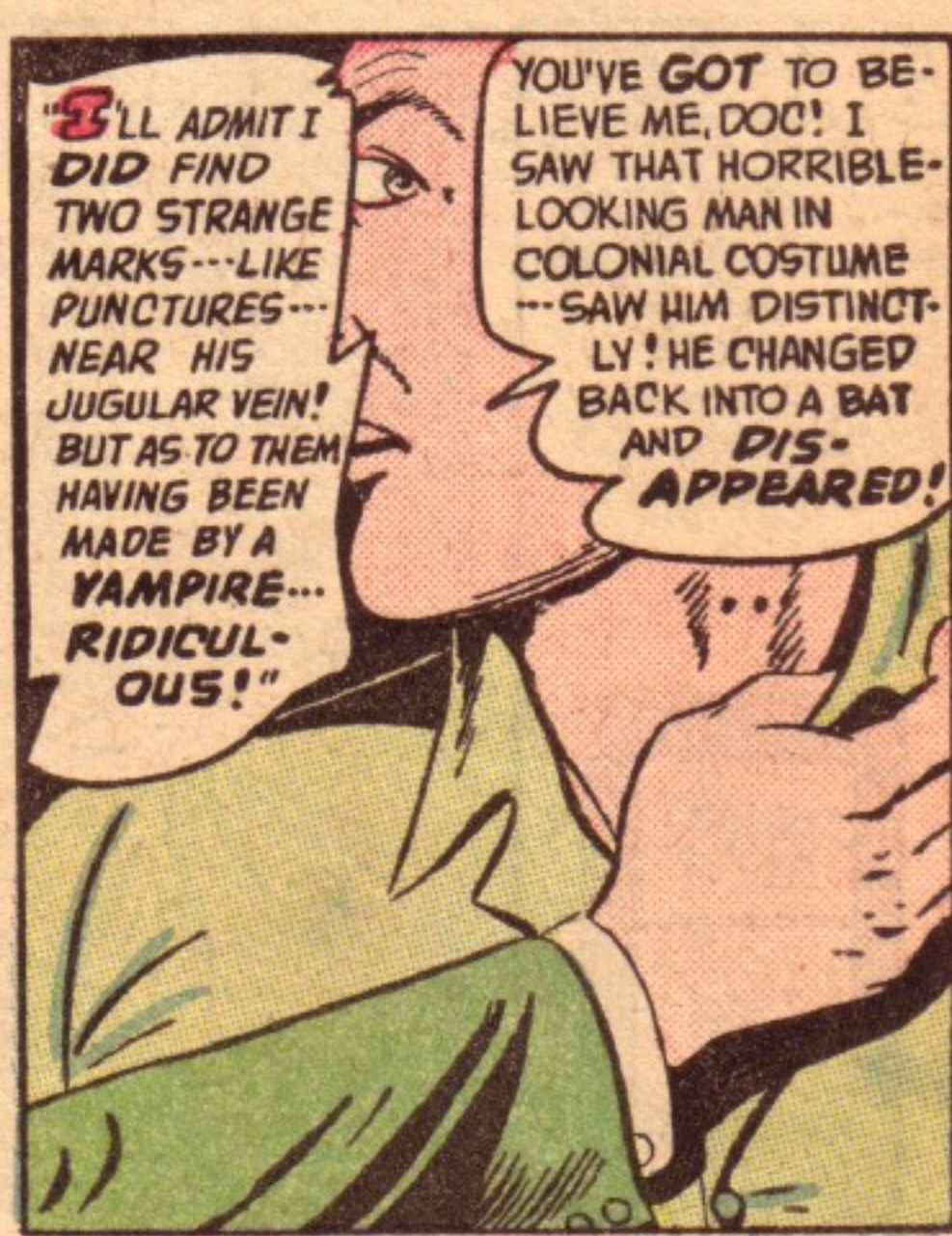
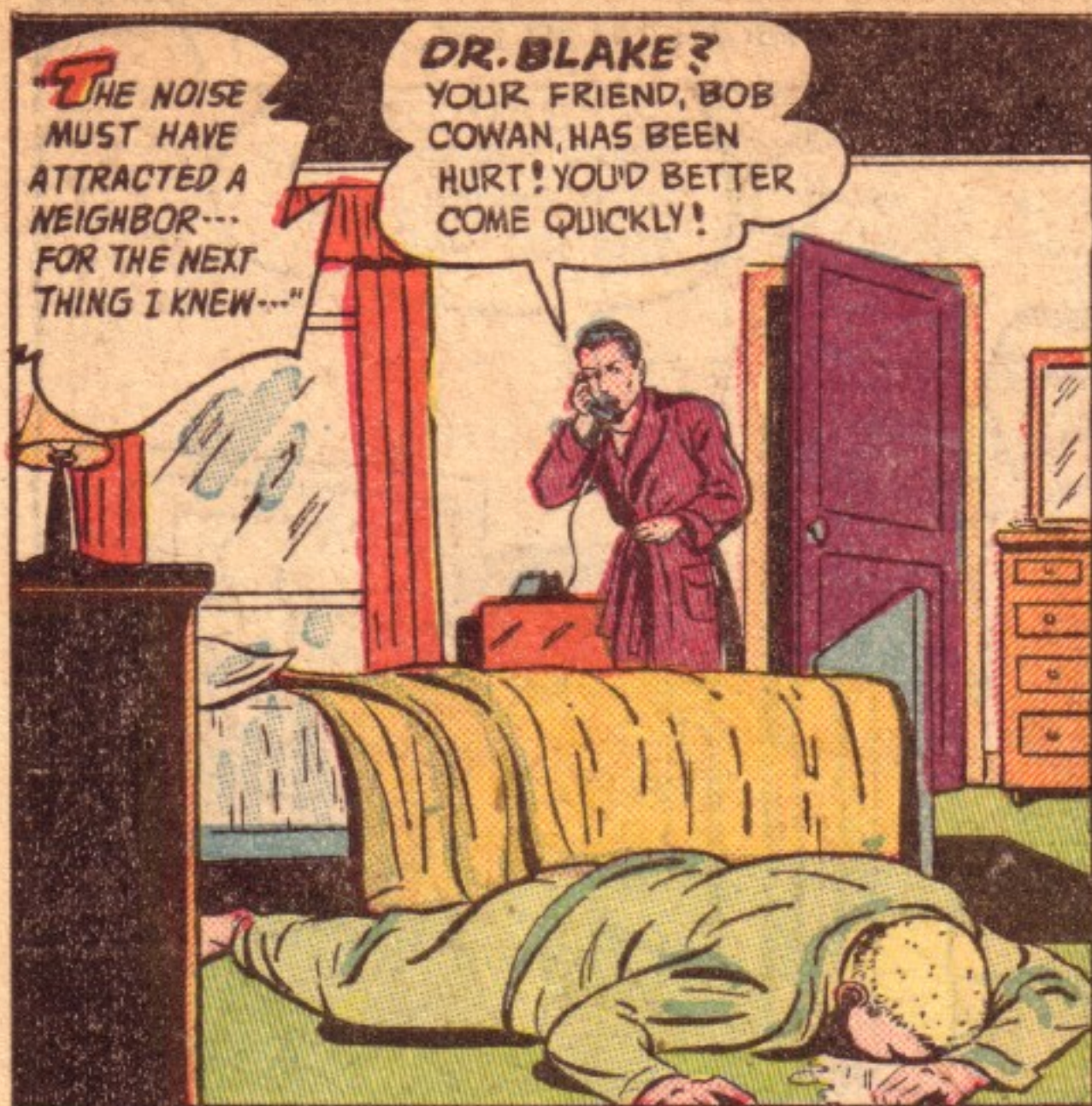
"IN A TRICE, THE APPARITION  
VANISHED---AND ALL THAT RE-  
MAINED WAS A LARGE BAT  
FLYING OUT THE  
WINDOW!"



"BOB FLUNG HIMSELF OUT OF BED!  
NUMB WITH TERROR, HE STUMBLED  
AND FELL, STRIKING HIS HEAD!"







**I'M TELLING YOU IT WAS A VAMPIRE! IT'S AFTER ME BECAUSE I DISTURBED ITS RESTING PLACE IN THAT TOMB! IT'LL COME BACK AGAIN TONIGHT... SOON AS THE DAYLIGHT GOES! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP IT, DOC!**



**"I HAD TO AT LEAST MAKE A PRETENCE OF HELPING HIM! I GOT HOLD OF A BOOK ON SUPERSTITIONS, READ UP ON VAMPIRES..."**

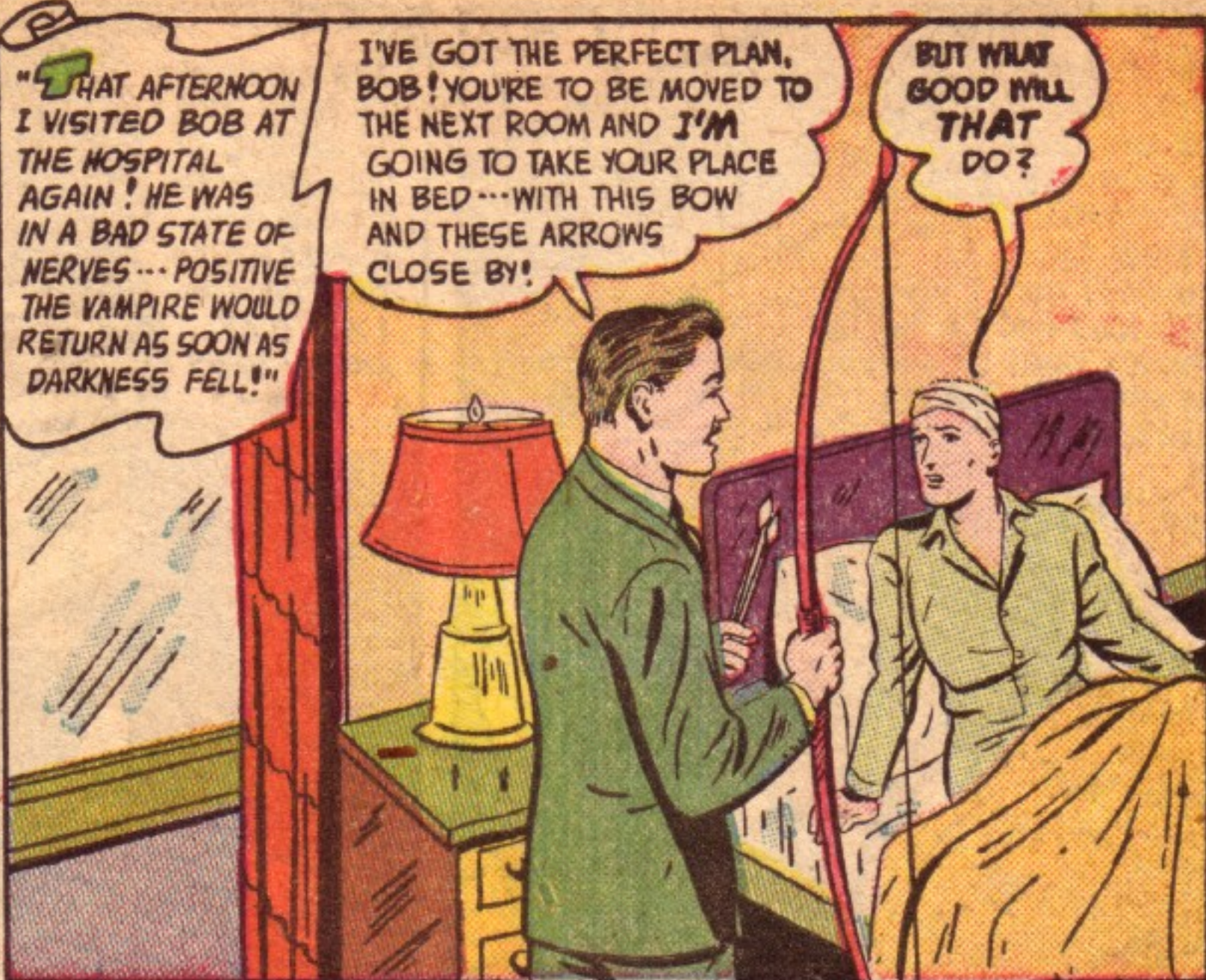






"MY HOBBY IS ARCHERY---AND IN ALL MODESTY, I CAN'T DENY THAT I'M A GOOD SHOT!"

THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



"THAT AFTERNOON I VISITED BOB AT THE HOSPITAL AGAIN! HE WAS IN A BAD STATE OF NERVES---POSITIVE THE VAMPIRE WOULD RETURN AS SOON AS DARKNESS FELL!"

I'VE GOT THE PERFECT PLAN, BOB! YOU'RE TO BE MOVED TO THE NEXT ROOM AND I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR PLACE IN BED---WITH THIS BOW AND THESE ARROWS CLOSE BY!

BUT WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?



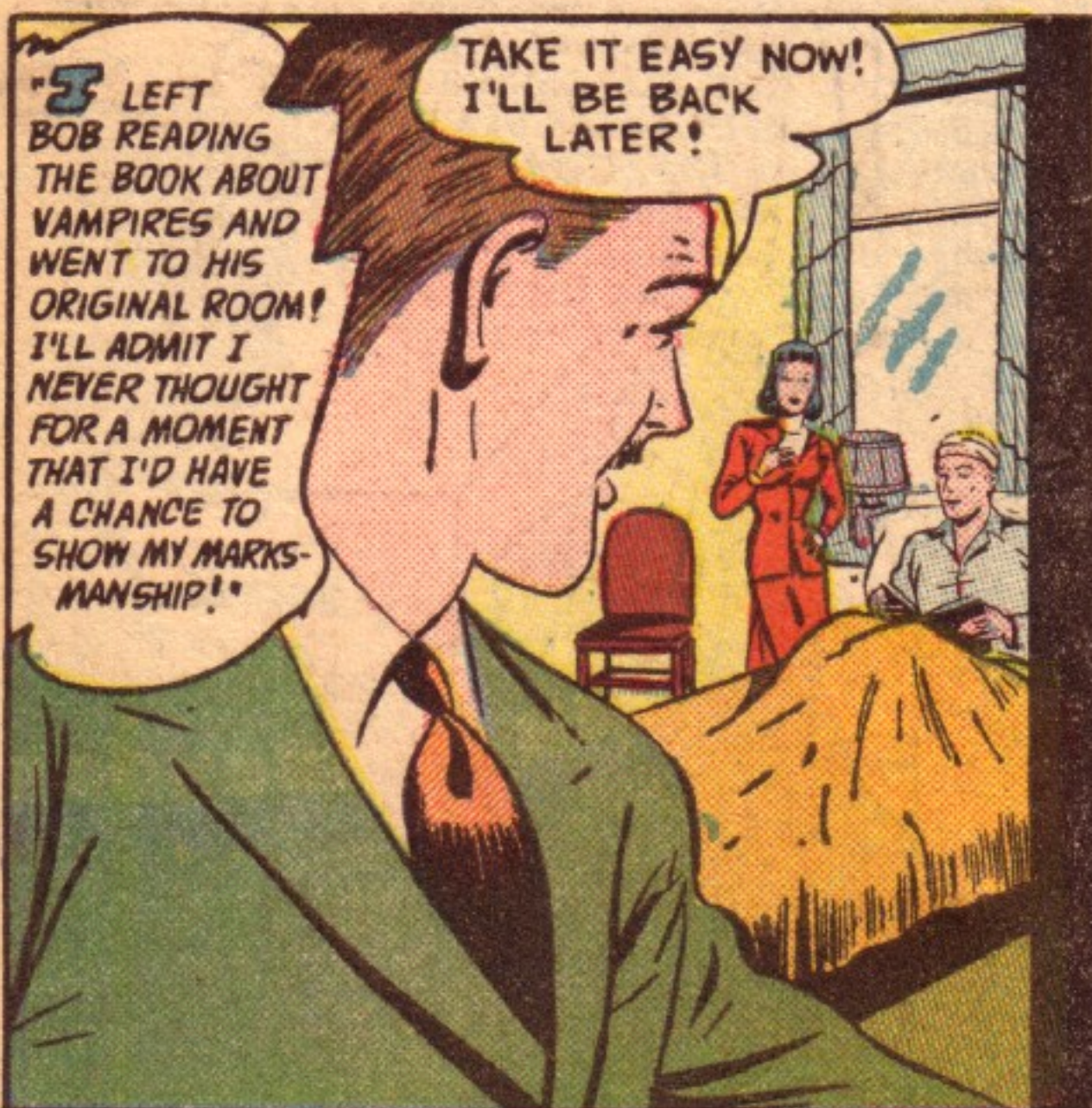
IF ANY BAT COMES IN, I'LL SHOOT IT---THE SHAFT OF THE ARROW WILL ACT AS A WOODEN STAKE! IT'S THE TIME-HONORED WAY TO GET RID OF VAMPIRES!



"WILLINGLY, HE AGREED--- NEVER SUSPECTING THAT I WAS GOING THROUGH ALL THIS HOCUS-POCUS WITH MY TONGUE IN MY CHEEK! RUTH HAD COME TO STAY WITH HIM---"

YOU'RE TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE STAYING IN THAT ROOM, DOC! WHAT IF YOU SHOULD MISS?

I NEVER MISS!



TAKE IT EASY NOW! I'LL BE BACK LATER!

"I LEFT BOB READING THE BOOK ABOUT VAMPIRES AND WENT TO HIS ORIGINAL ROOM! I'LL ADMIT I NEVER THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT THAT I'D HAVE A CHANCE TO SHOW MY MARKSMANSHIP!"



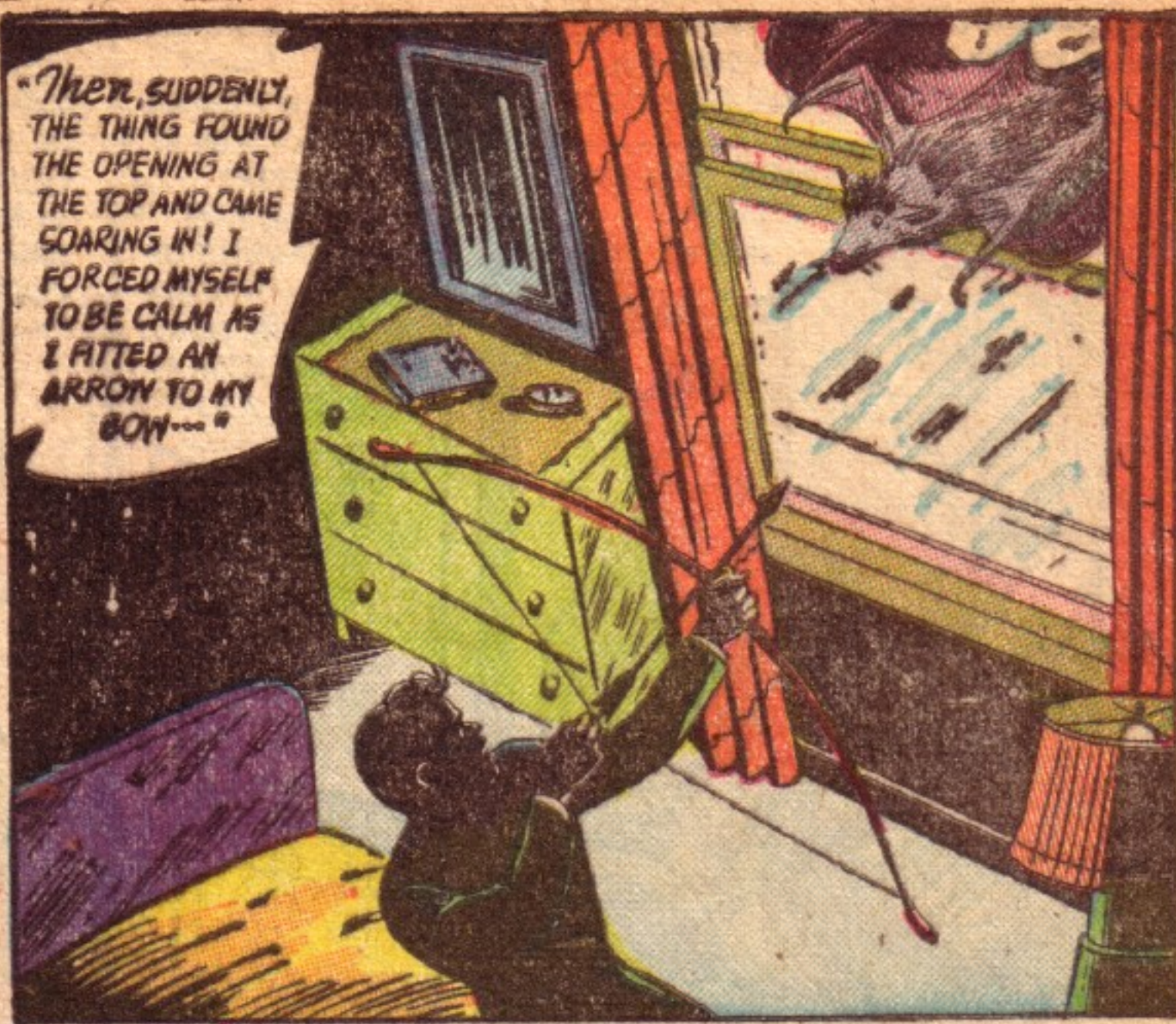
"BUT SURE ENOUGH, A COUPLE OF HOURS AFTER I'D BEEN IN BED, I HEARD SOMETHING THUD AGAINST THE GLASS OF THE WINDOW I'D LEFT PARTLY OPEN!"

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED IF IT ISN'T A--- BAT!





"THE THING KEPT FLAPPING AGAINST THE WINDOW PANE AS IF IT WAS TRYING TO GET INSIDE! I CAN TELL YOU I WAS PRETTY TENSE IN SPITE OF MYSELF!"



"Then, suddenly, the thing found the opening at the top and came soaring in! I forced myself to be calm as I fitted an arrow to my bow..."



"I TOOK CAREFUL AIM AS IT CAME STRAIGHT FOR ME...AND SHOT! I HIT IT DEAD CENTER!"

EEE-EE!



"When I switched on the light, the bat was stone dead on the floor...with the arrow stuck clear through it!"



"I PICKED IT UP AND ELATED, HURRIED INTO THE NEXT ROOM! IF ANYTHING SHOULD PUT BOB'S SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS AT REST, THIS SHOULD!"

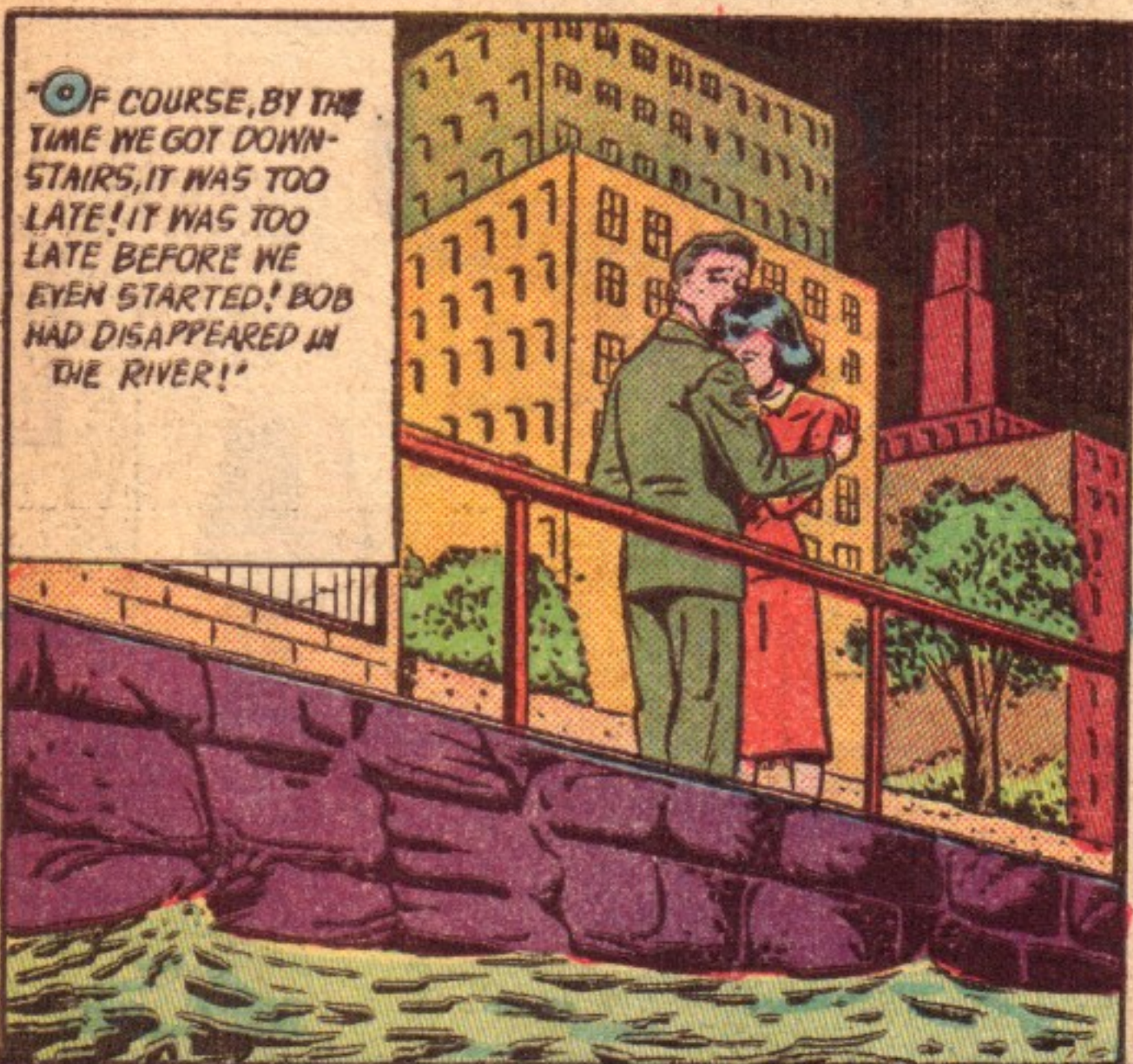
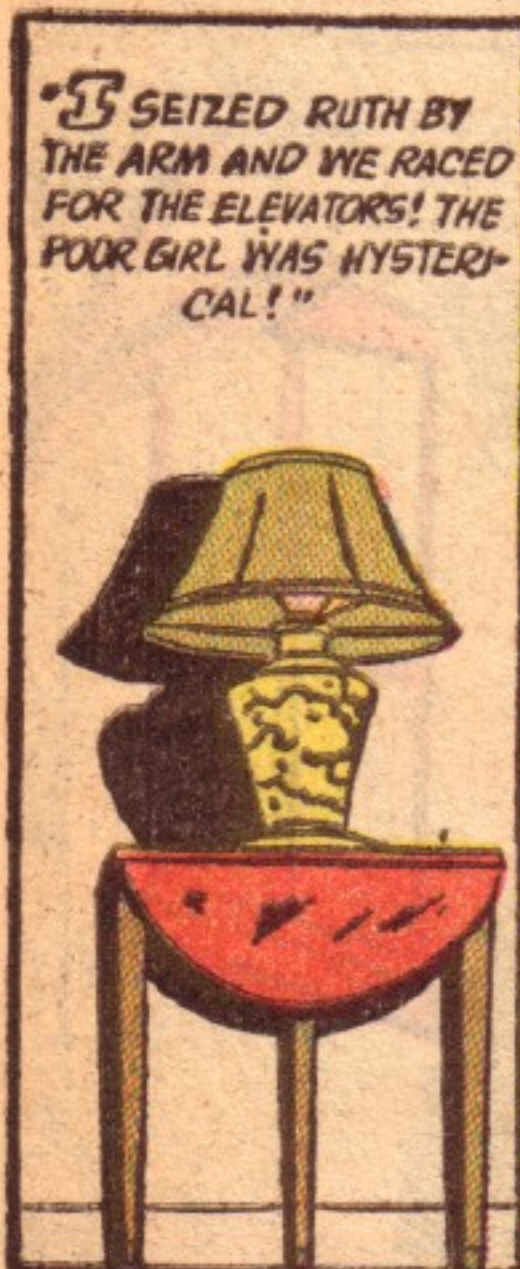
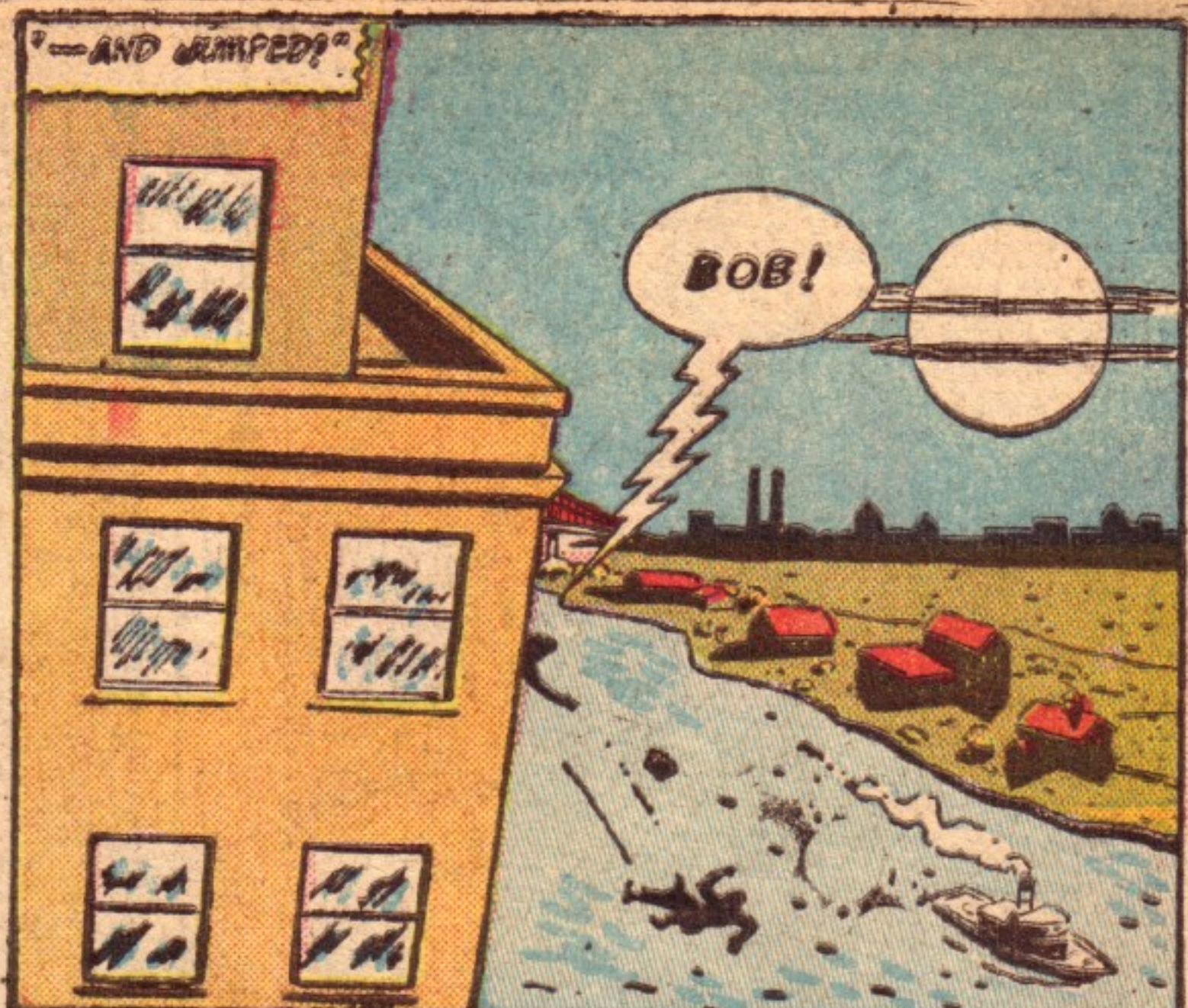
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW! I'VE KILLED THE BAT!



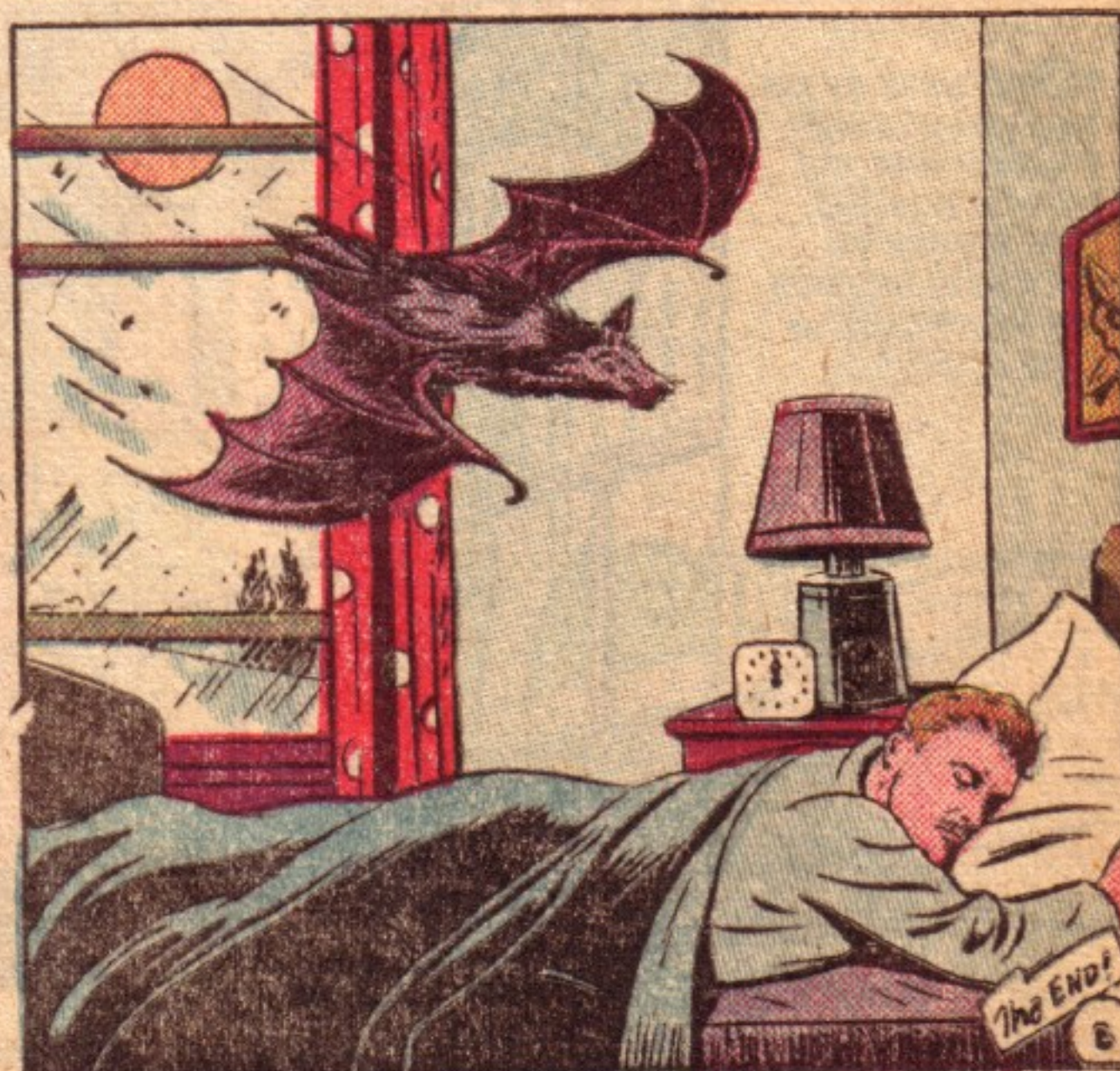
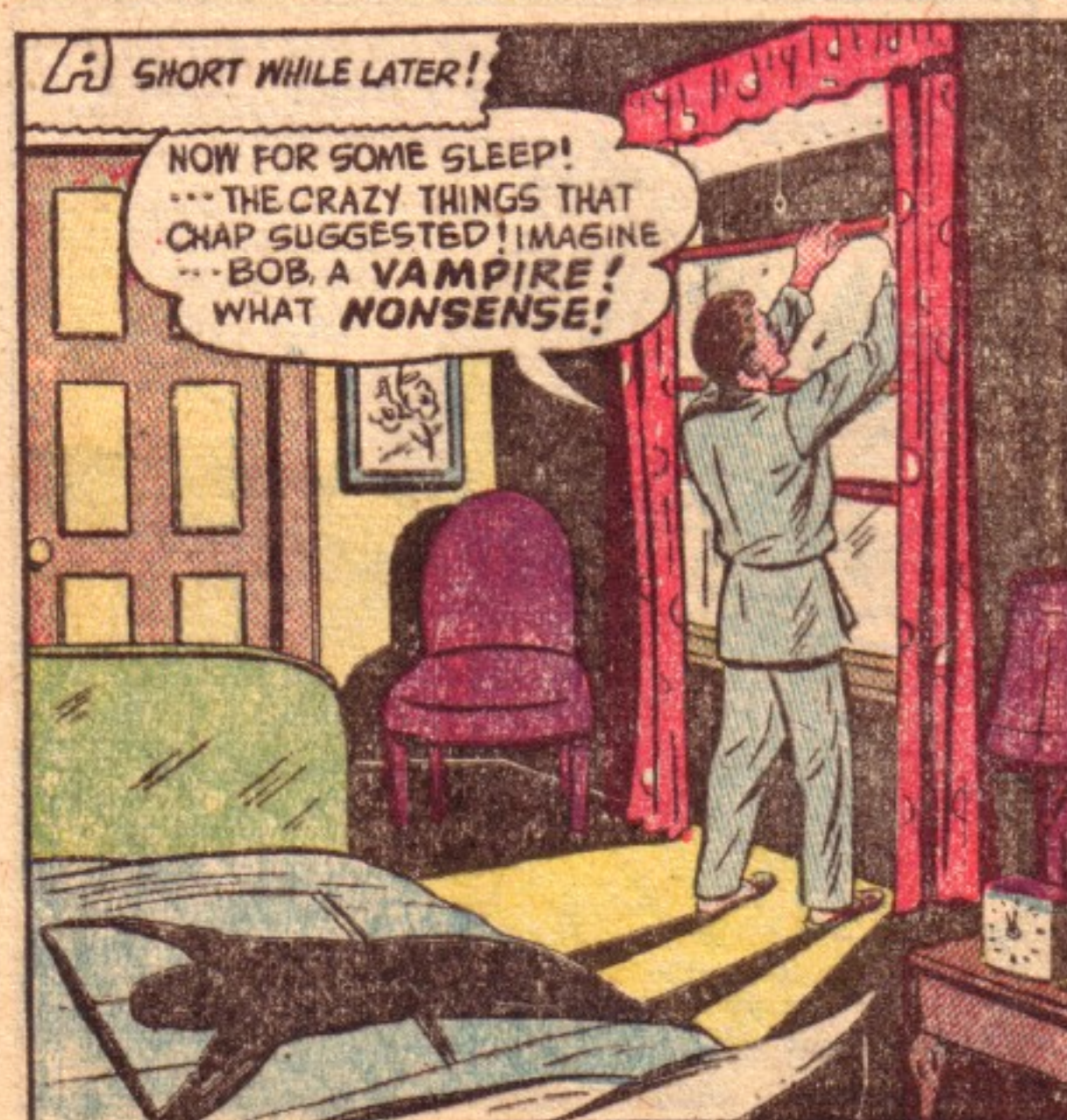
"BUT BOB WASN'T IN BED! HE WAS BACKING ACROSS THE ROOM TOWARD THE WINDOW. A STRANGE SNARL ON HIS LIPS! I'D NEVER BEFORE NOTICED HOW LONG HIS TEETH WERE!"

THAT BOOK OF YOURS...IT SAYS THAT ANYONE WHO HAS BEEN BITTEN BY A VAMPIRE IS INFECTED... BECOMES ONE HIMSELF! I... I WAS BITTEN...











# The ZOMBIES' DISCIPLE



THE GRATING OF A TOMB DOOR ON ITS RUSTY HINGES-- THE SLOW, CREAKING RISE OF AN UNWATCHED COFFIN LID-- **THESE** ARE THE GHASTLY SIGNS THAT SHOW THE ZOMBIES ARE ABROAD -- SEEKING THEIR DOOMED DISCIPLES! BUT THE HORROR OF THEIR QUEST AMONG THE DEAD CAN BE SURPASSED-- THERE IS A FATE WORSE THAN A MIDNIGHT SUMMONS FROM THE GRAVE-- AND THAT IS WHEN THE ZOMBIES CLAIM A VICTIM WHO IS ALIVE!

ONE EVENING-- AT THE OFFICE OF DR. FRED COLLINS--

SANDRA GAINES SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE AN HOUR AGO! SHE'S NEVER BEEN LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT BEFORE -- AND I CERTAINLY HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED!

IT DOES LOOK BAD, DOCTOR! ACCORDING TO THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR AT HER APARTMENT HOTEL-- SANDRA WAS ON HER WAY HERE!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH SOME-ONE SUBJECT TO CATALEPTIC TRANCES-- AN ATTACK MIGHT HIT ANYWHERE-- AND AN IN-EXPERIENCED AMBULANCE INTERN MIGHT THINK THE VICTIM WAS DEAD! I'D BETTER PLAY IT SAFE-- AND PHONE THE MORGUE!

SECONDS LATER-- IN THE SHADOWED STILLNESS OF THE MORGUE--

AFTER WORKING HERE FOR TEN YEARS, I THOUGHT I'D DEVELOPED NERVES OF IRON -- BUT TONIGHT I CAN'T SHAKE OFF THE IDEA OF SOMETHING LURKING AROUND ME!





THEN -- AT THE WELCOME SOUND OF THE PHONE --

IT'S PROBABLY JUST SOMEONE SEARCHING FOR A MISSING RELATIVE, AND READY TO LEARN THE WORST -- BUT TO ME IT'LL BE A VOICE -- A HUMAN VOICE!



HELLO -- CITY MORGUE? THIS IS DR. FRED COLLINS -- HAVE YOU RECEIVED ANYONE NAMED SANDRA GAINES?



HOLD THE WIRE, DOC -- I'LL CHECK THE RECORDS!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT --

HELLO -- HELLO! YE GODS -- THERE'S SOMETHING HORRIBLE GOING ON AT THE MORGUE -- AND I'D BETTER SEE WHAT IT IS!

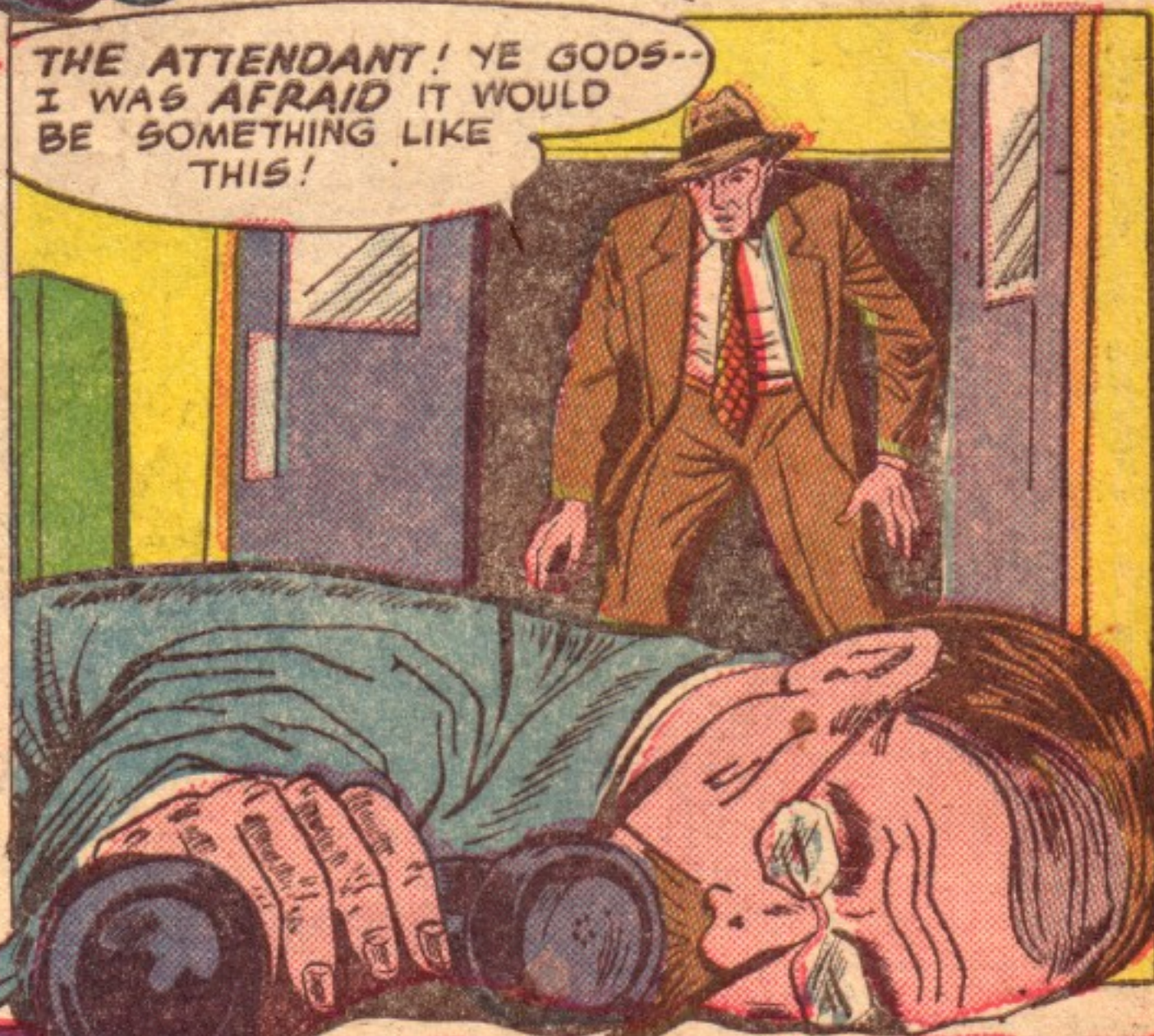


MINUTES LATER -- FROM A DARKENED WINDOW OF THE HOUSE OF DEATH --

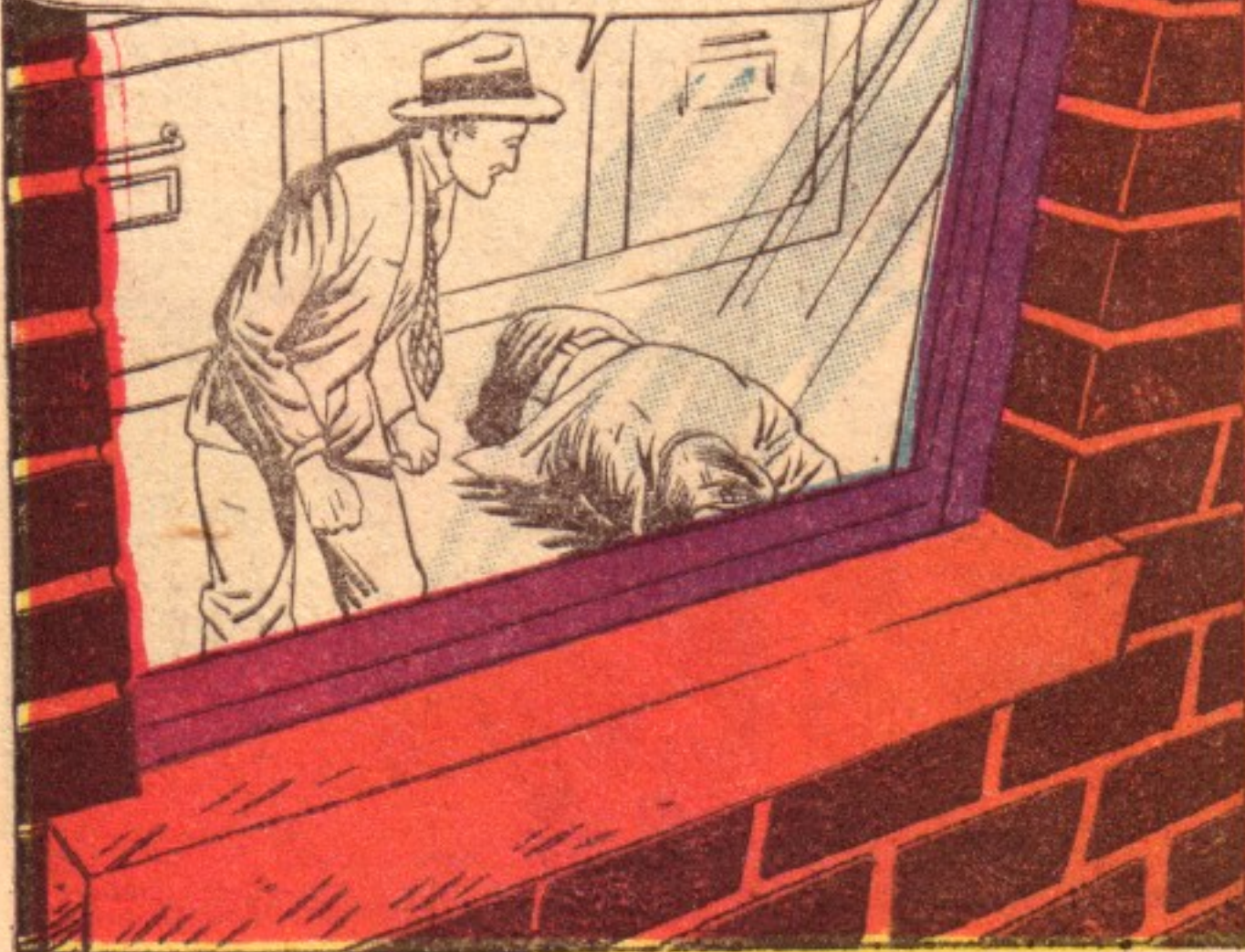
WE HAVE ANOTHER HUMAN TO DEAL WITH BEFORE WE CAN CLAIM OUR DISCIPLES! HIDE -- HIDE!



THE ATTENDANT! YE GODS -- I WAS AFRAID IT WOULD BE SOMETHING LIKE THIS!

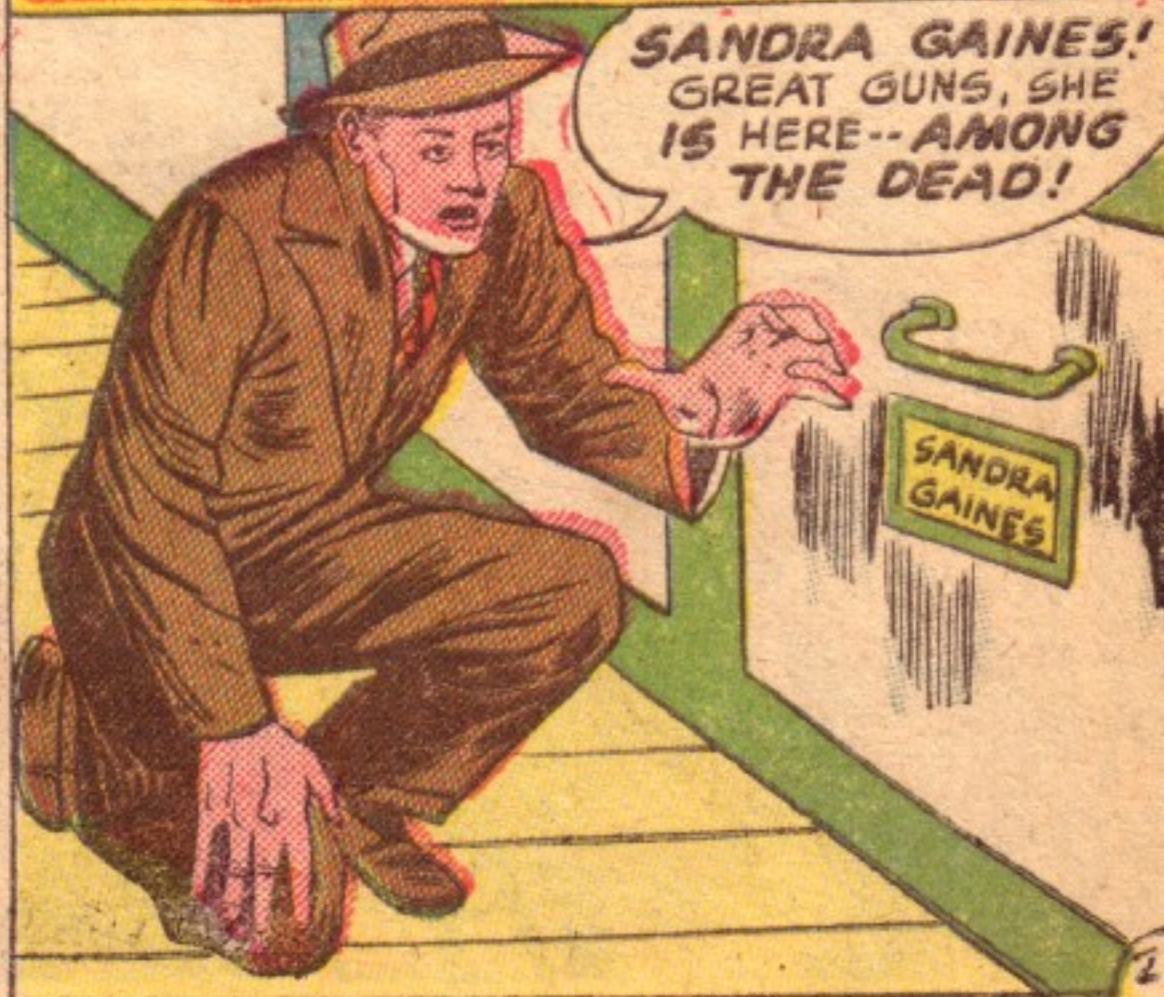


HE'S BEEN STRANGLED -- BUT WHY? ROBBERY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE MOTIVE -- THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT UNCLAIMED CORPSES!



THEN, AS FRED TURNS HIS HEAD -- THE NAME ON ONE OF THE GRIM RECEPTACLES STANDS OUT AS SHARPLY AS THE CLATTER OF WHITENED BONES --

SANDRA GAINES! GREAT GUNS, SHE IS HERE -- AMONG THE DEAD!



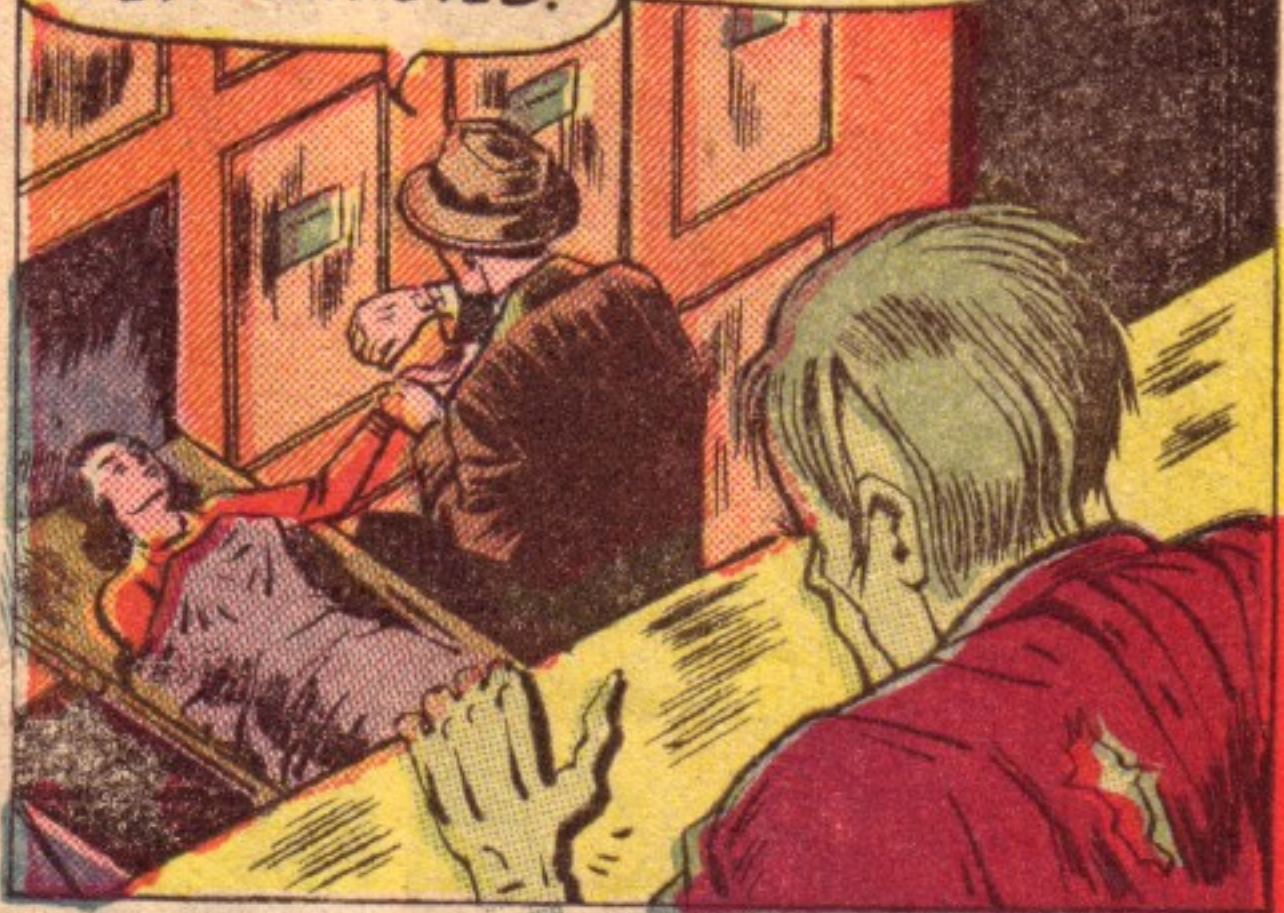


JUST AS I SUSPECTED-- SHE MUST HAVE COLLAPSED IN THE STREET! TO ANYONE WHO DIDN'T KNOW SANDRA'S CONDITION, SHE MIGHT SEEM **LIFELESS**-- AND MANY AN UNLUCKY PERSON IN THIS STATE HAS BEEN **BURIED ALIVE!**



THEN-- WITH A CREEPING GLIDE FROM THE SHADOWS ABOVE--

AS IT IS-- SHE COULD HAVE BEEN SMOTHERED IF I HADN'T FOUND HER! BUT HER FAINT PULSE IS GETTING STRONGER-- **SHE'LL REVIVE IN A FEW MINUTES!**



AT THE INSTANT FRED RISES--

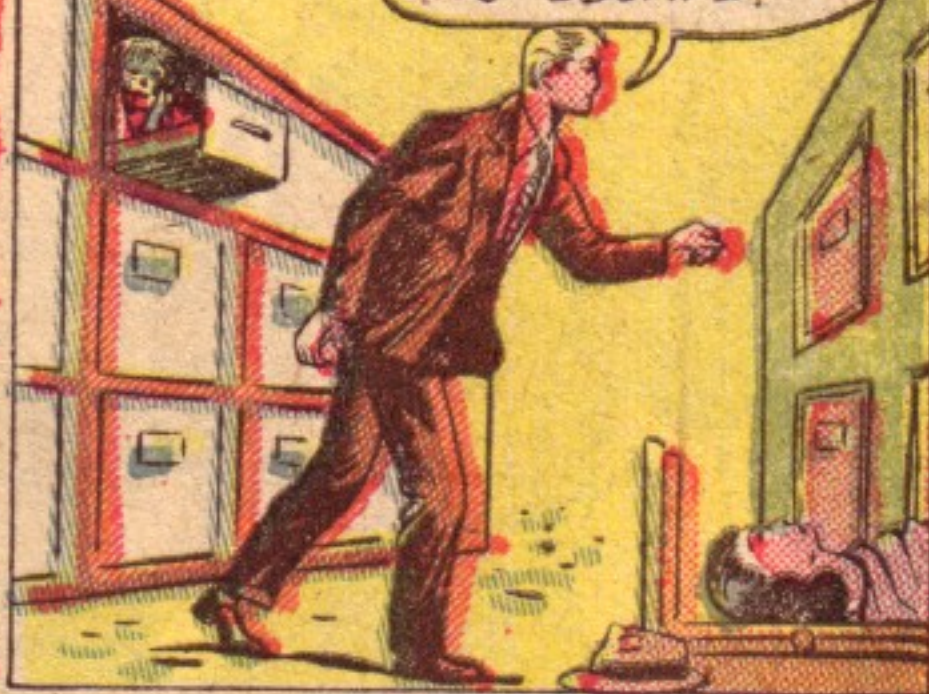


AM I NUTS-- OR IS THE THING THAT HIT ME HIDING UP THERE-- AND GIVING OFF A STRANGE GLOW?



AS FRED INCHES FORWARD, ANOTHER DARK SHAPE RISES BEHIND HIM-- FIXING HIM WITH A COLD, UNFLICKERING GLARE--

THERE'S NO NEED THINKING THERE WAS ANYTHING **SUPERNATURAL** ABOUT THIS-- THE ATTENDANT WAS MURDERED-- THE KILLER'S TRYING TO PANIC ME INTO GIVING HIM A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!



A SECOND LATER--



BEFORE FRED CAN BREAK AWAY--

WE HAVE WANDERED MANY A MIDNIGHT TO CLAIM NEW DISCIPLES--

-- AND THE HUMAN WHO TRIES TO OPPOSE US WILL CHOKE OUT HIS LAST MOMENTS IN TERROR!





WITH A DESPERATE HEAVE--

I'M SURE OF ONE THING--  
YOU CREEPS HAVEN'T BEEN  
**ALIVE** FOR A LONG,  
LONG TIME!

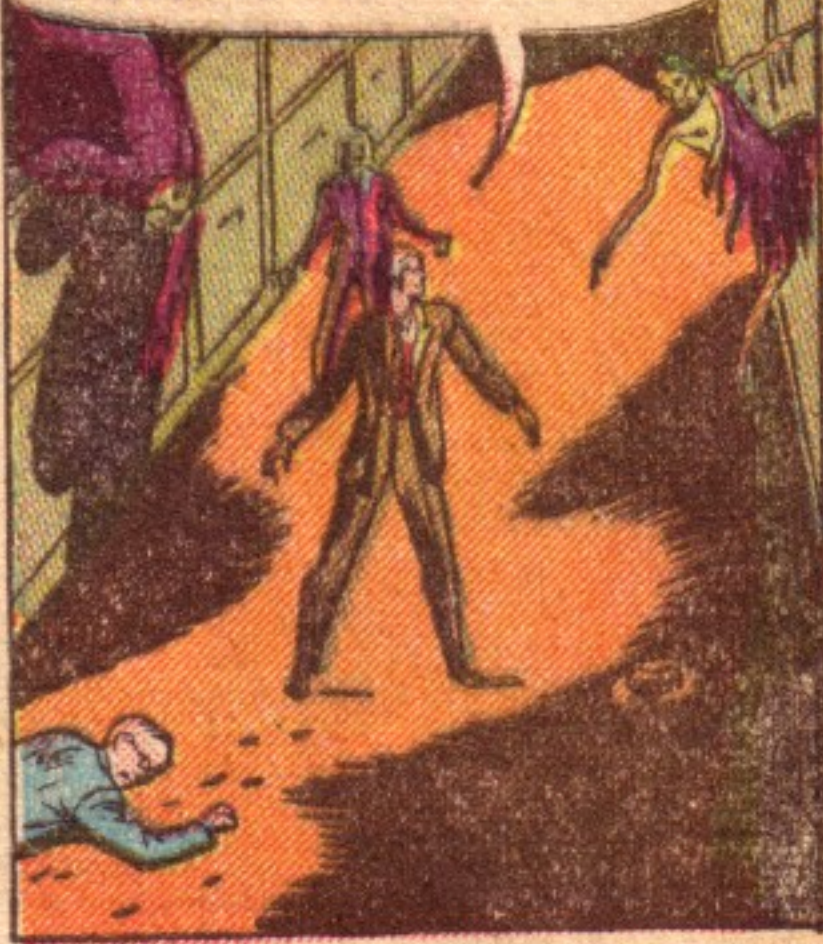


ANOTHER THING THAT'S  
PRETTY CLEAR IS THAT I'M  
UP AGAINST A FIGHT FOR  
MY LIFE-- AND IT MIGHT  
AS WELL START **NOW!**

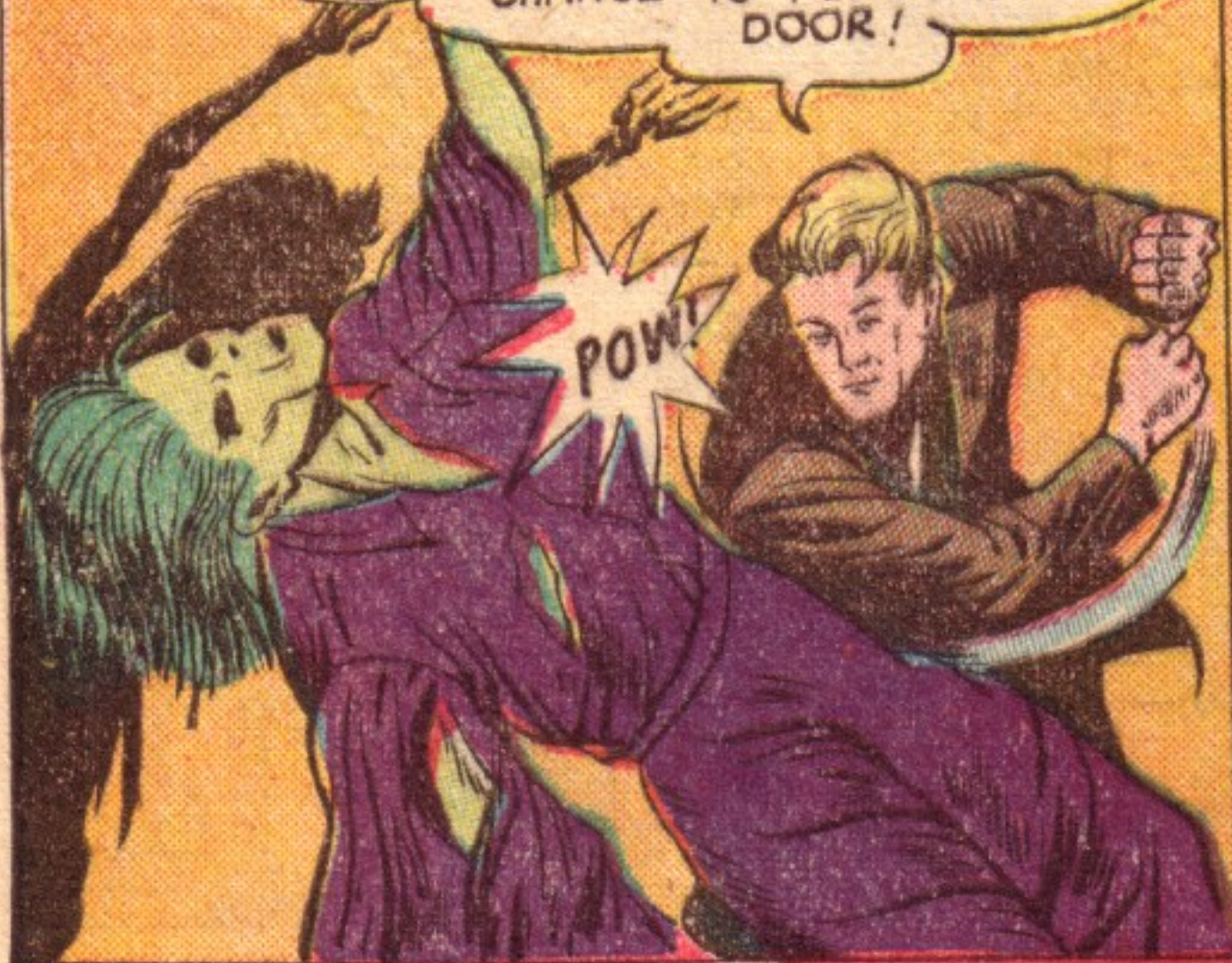


THEN-- AS IF A GRAVEYARD  
SUDDENLY YIELDED ITS  
BURDEN OF HORROR--

GOOD LORD! THEY'VE BEEN  
HIDING ALL AROUND ME--  
**DOZENS OF THEM!**



I CAN'T LEAVE SANDRA **ALONE**--  
I'VE GOT TO GET HELP! ONCE I'M  
PAST **THIS** FIEND-- I'LL HAVE A  
CHANCE TO REACH THE  
DOOR!



SUDDENLY-- WITHIN A STEP OF SAFETY--

ONCE A MORTAL MEETS US--  
**IT'S TOO LATE  
TO ESCAPE!**



**SEIZE  
HIM!**

YES-- SHOW HIM WHAT IT  
MEANS TO RESIST THE  
**UNDEAD!**





FASTEN YOUR CLAWED HAND TO HIS THROAT-- STIFLE HIS WHEEZING BREATH-- AND LET HIM JOIN THE DEAD WE LEAD TO OUR ZOMBIE GATHERING PLACE!

SUPPLY CLOSET

NO-- THAT IS MORE THAN HE DESERVES! LET HIM SUFFER HELPLESSLY.. WHILE DEATH STALKS TOWARD HIM SLOWLY!

HA-HA-HA!

CRASH!

CHLOROFORM

HE'LL BE GASPING WITHIN A FEW MINUTES-- NUMBLY TRYING TO HOLD ON TO THE LAST SPARK OF LIFE! AND WHEN IT FLICKERS OUT IN AN HOUR OR SO -- THEN HIS CORPSE WILL PACE THROUGH THE GLOOM TO WHERE WE WAIT!

SLAM!

RISE-- RISE! NO GRAVE WILL CLAIM YOU-- YOU WILL WALK FOREVER IN A TWILIGHT OF TERROR!

OH-H!

MY HEAD'S WHIRLING! I HEAR VOICES-- BUT THEY'RE STRANGE-- LIKE HIDEOUS ECHOES!

WE WILL NOT SEEM SO HIDEOUS AT DAWN! THEN YOU WILL BE ONE OF US-- A ZOMBIE!

THEN-- THEIR GLAZED EYES STARING IN MUTE OBEDIENCE -- THE UNCLAIMED DEAD HEED A GRISLY SUMMONS--

MOVE YOUR STIFFENED LIMBS! COME WITH US-- WE WILL LEAD YOU TO A HAVEN WHERE EVIL IS LIFE!

AS THE GRIM BAND REACHES THE STREET--

SUPPLY CLOSET

WAM!



**FREE AT LAST! IT'S A GOOD THING I HAD MY STETHOSCOPE ALONG! THE FRESH AIR I MANAGED TO BREATHE THROUGH THE TUBE IS THE ONE THING THAT KEPT ME ALIVE!**

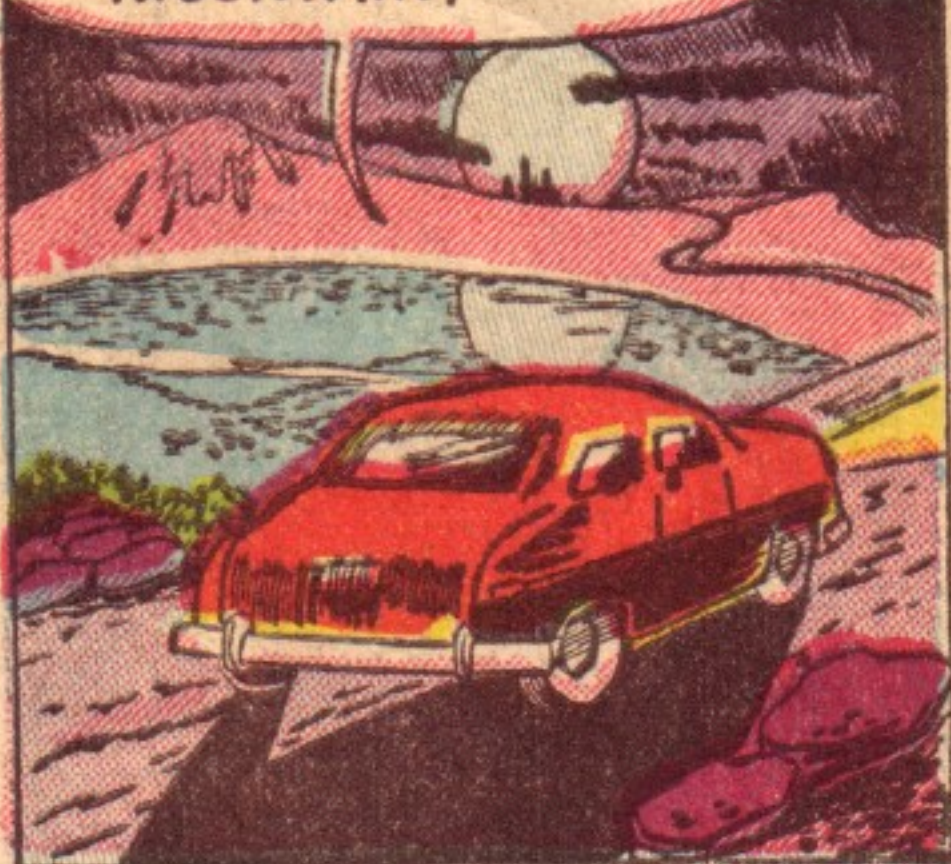


**I'VE GOT TO TRAIL THOSE FIENDS -- BUT IT WON'T HELP SANDRA ANY IF I LET THEM GET THEIR HANDS ON ME AGAIN! I'LL HAVE TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL THE ZOMBIES REACH THEIR LAIR -- BECAUSE BY THAT TIME, THEY'LL BE EXPECTING ME TO JOIN THEM -- AS A CORPSE!**



**AN HOUR LATER -- IN A SOLITUDE SWEEPED BY CLOUDED MOONLIGHT --**

**THERE'S THE SPOT THEY'VE CHOSEN AS A GATHERING PLACE -- THE ABANDONED QUARRY AT THE TOP OF THUNDER MOUNTAIN!**



**SOON AFTERWARD --**

**GREAT GUNS! THEY'RE LEADING SANDRA IN WITH THE OTHERS -- JUST AS IF IT WERE AN IMMENSE TOMB!**



**I MAY BE ABLE TO TRICK THOSE DEMONS INTO THINKING I'M A WALKING CORPSE -- BUT THEY'RE SURE TO OVERTAKE US BEFORE I CAN GET SANDRA HALFWAY UP THE STEEP WALLS OF THE QUARRY!**



**YOU ARE NOT DEAD! WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO BE HERE?**

**YE GODS -- IT'S THAT DEAD MORGUE ATTENDANT! HE MUST HAVE LAGGED BEHIND THE OTHERS -- BUT THE ZOMBIES HAVE SUMMONED HIM HERE, TOO!**

**LOOK -- I'M TRYING TO SAVE SOMEONE LIVING FROM THOSE DEMONS WHO KILLED YOU! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME -- BECAUSE IF I SUCCEED, IT'LL MEAN A PEACEFUL RELEASE FOR YOU, TOO!**

**IT IS TOO LATE NOW! THE ZOMBIES HAVE MADE ME WALK! THEY ARE MY MASTERS -- THEY MUST BE WARNED THAT YOU PLAN TO DESTROY THEM!**





AS THE CORPSE TURNS TOWARD THE STEEP,  
NARROW PATH LEADING DOWN TO THE  
ZOMBIES' LAIR --

HOLD IT! YOU MAY BE  
CONTENT TO BECOME A  
ZOMBIE -- BUT I'M  
NOT GOING TO LET  
YOU DOOM SANDRA!

STAND BACK!  
WHAT CAN  
YOU DO  
TO STOP  
ME?



PLENTY! YOU MAY BE  
DEAD -- BUT YOU'RE  
NOT A ZOMBIE!

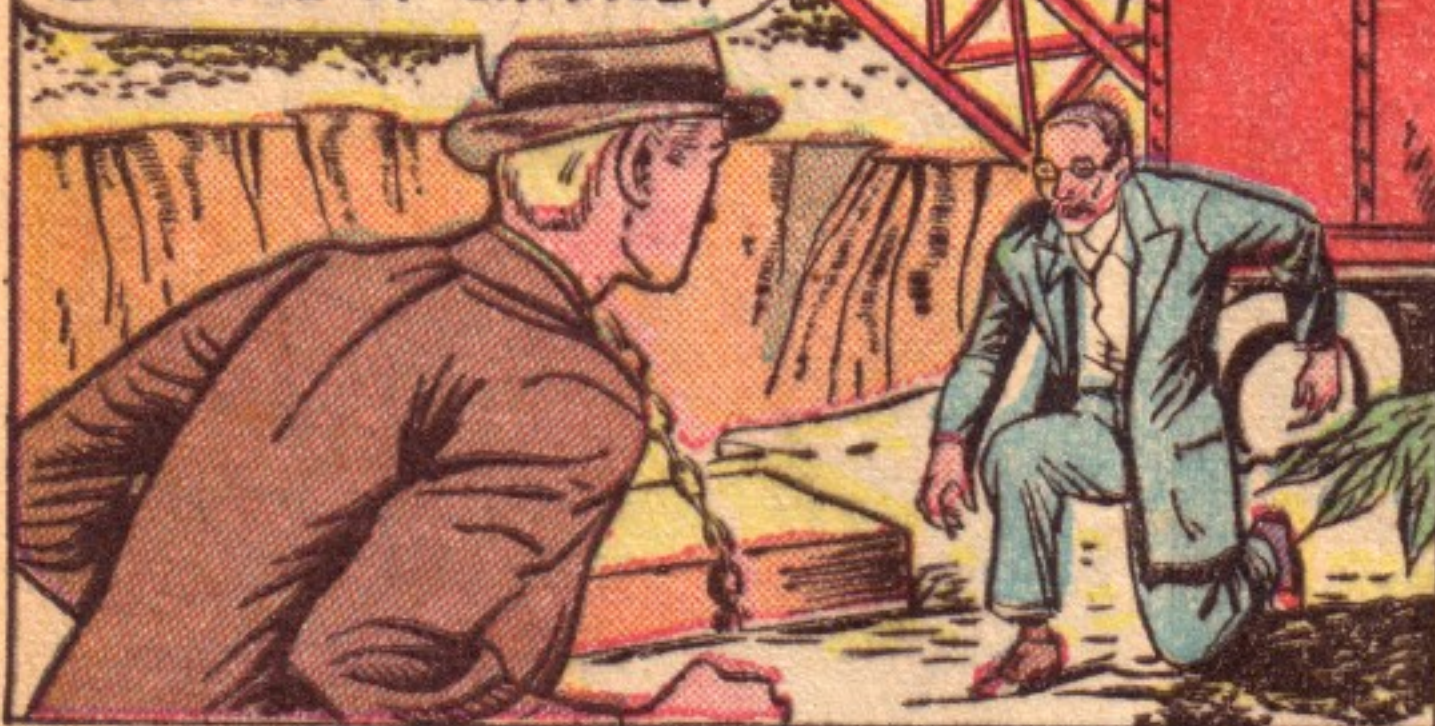


YOU WERE A LIVING HUMAN JUST A  
SHORT WHILE AGO -- AND YOU'RE  
STILL SUFFICIENTLY HUMAN TO SENSE  
WHAT LIES AHEAD ONCE THOSE  
CACKLING MONSTERS MAKE YOU  
A ZOMBIES' DISCIPLE AT  
DAWN! I CAN'T BRING YOU  
BACK TO LIFE -- BUT I CAN  
SAVE YOU FROM BECOMING  
A GRISLY PUPPET -- IF YOU  
GIVE ME A CHANCE!

I THOUGHT IT WAS  
USELESS TO DEFEY  
THE ZOMBIES -- BUT  
YOU ARE RIGHT --  
MY SPIRIT IS  
STILL HUMAN!  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT ME TO DO?

GET ON THOSE DERRICK  
CONTROLS AND LOWER  
ME INTO THE QUARRY!  
KEEP ON THE LOOKOUT --  
BECAUSE ONCE I'M  
READY TO COME  
BACK UP -- IT'LL  
HAVE TO BE IN  
A HURRY!

YOU'LL NEED  
MORE THAN  
COURAGE TO  
FACE THEM --  
BUT FOR THIS  
PART -- YOU CAN  
RELY ON ME!



SECONDS LATER --

THAT'S SANDRA!

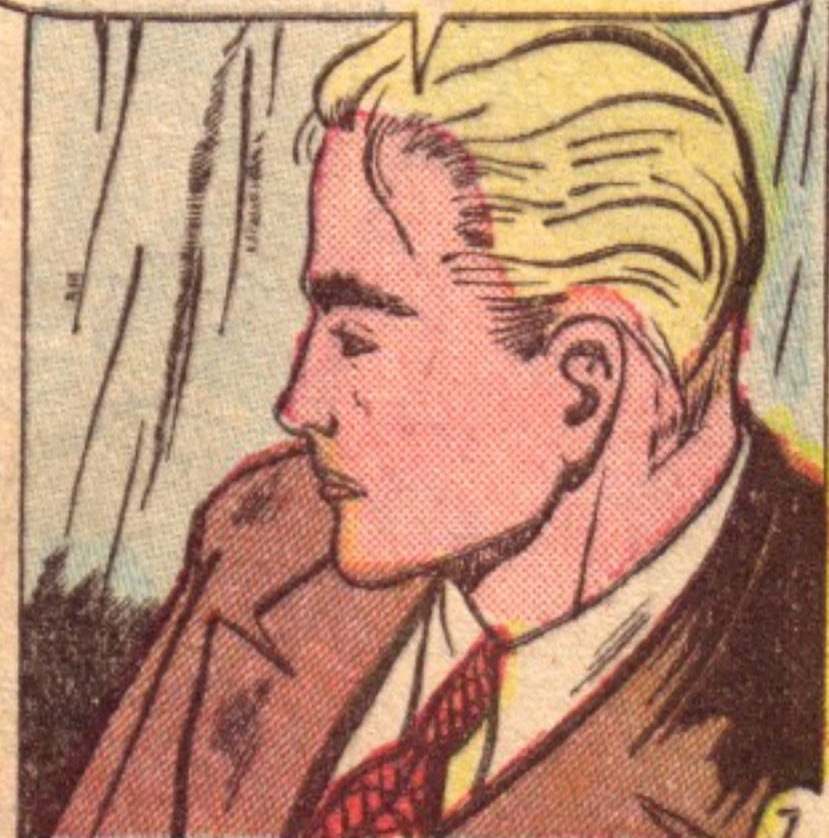
GOOD  
HEAVENS --  
YOU'RE  
HIDEOUS!  
WHY  
HAVE  
YOU  
BROUGHT  
ME  
HERE?

SHE'S REGAINED HER  
SENSES -- AND NOW  
THAT THE ZOMBIES  
REALIZE SHE'S ALIVE --  
THEY'LL METE OUT  
THE MOST HORRIBLE  
DEATH THEY CAN  
DEVISE!

LET ME GO! I'M NOT  
LIKE THOSE THINGS --  
MUTE AND STARING --  
AND LIFELESS!

HAA-HA!  
YOU WILL  
BE!

THOSE FIENDS THINK I DIED  
BACK AT THE MORGUE -- AND MY  
MEDICAL TRAINING IS ONE THING  
THAT WILL HELP ME FAKE DEATH!  
THERE'S NO TIME TO WONDER  
WHETHER IT'LL WORK -- I  
CAN'T LET THEM GET THEIR  
EVIL HANDS ON SANDRA!





SECONDS LATER-- THE ZOMBIES  
TURN AS THE THUD OF SLOW FOOT-  
STEPS SOUNDS IN THE GLOOM--

FRED!

HAA!  
SO HE  
DID  
DIE!

I HAVE ANSWERED  
YOUR SUMMONS! I  
AM A DISCIPLE--  
COMMAND ME--  
AND I WILL  
OBEY!



SHE WILL BE YOUR  
FIRST TEST! KILL  
HER-- SO THAT  
HER CORPSE  
WILL BELONG  
TO US AT  
DAWN!

IT WILL  
BE DONE!  
STAND  
BACK-- AND  
LET ME CLAIM  
MY FIRST  
VICTIM  
ALONE!



FRED-- YOU CAN'T!  
YOU'RE THE ONLY  
ONE WHO'S GIVEN  
ME ANY HOPE--  
NOT JUST BECAUSE  
YOU'RE MY DOCTOR--  
BUT BECAUSE  
I LOVE YOU!

TAKE IT  
EASY.  
THIS IS JUST  
AN ACT!



CHLOROFORM WAS YOUR IDEA,  
CREEPS-- AND HERE'S JUST  
ENOUGH OF IT TO SLOW  
YOU DOWN!



OKAY, BABY--  
GET MOVING!

AAAGH!



THE FUMES WILL CHECK  
THE ZOMBIES FOR JUST  
A FEW SECONDS, FRED--  
WE WON'T HAVE  
TIME TO CLIMB  
THAT STEEP  
PATH!

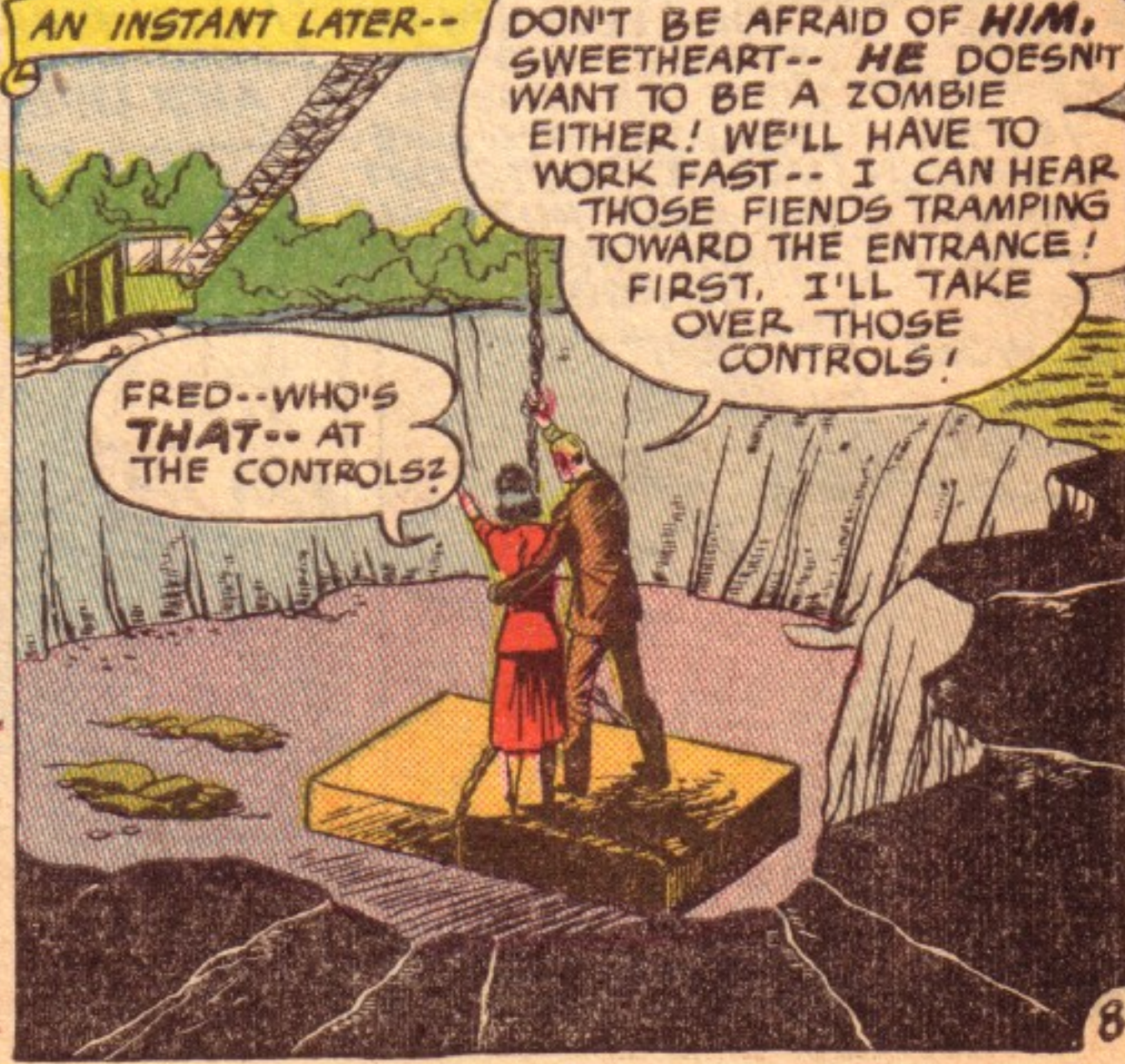
I'VE MADE OTHER  
ARRANGEMENTS,  
SANDRA! COME  
ON-- JUMP UP  
ON THAT  
STONE  
BLOCK!



AN INSTANT LATER--

DON'T BE AFRAID OF HIM,  
SWEETHEART-- HE DOESN'T  
WANT TO BE A ZOMBIE  
EITHER! WE'LL HAVE TO  
WORK FAST-- I CAN HEAR  
THOSE FIENDS TRAMPING  
TOWARD THE ENTRANCE!  
FIRST, I'LL TAKE  
OVER THOSE  
CONTROLS!

FRED-- WHO'S  
THAT-- AT  
THE CONTROLS?





THEN-- WITH THE FOREMOST ZOMBIES  
WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE OPENING--

THIS CAN'T MISS, BECAUSE IF IT DOES  
THERE **WILL** BE THREE NEW ZOMBIES  
AT DAWN! **HERE GOES!**



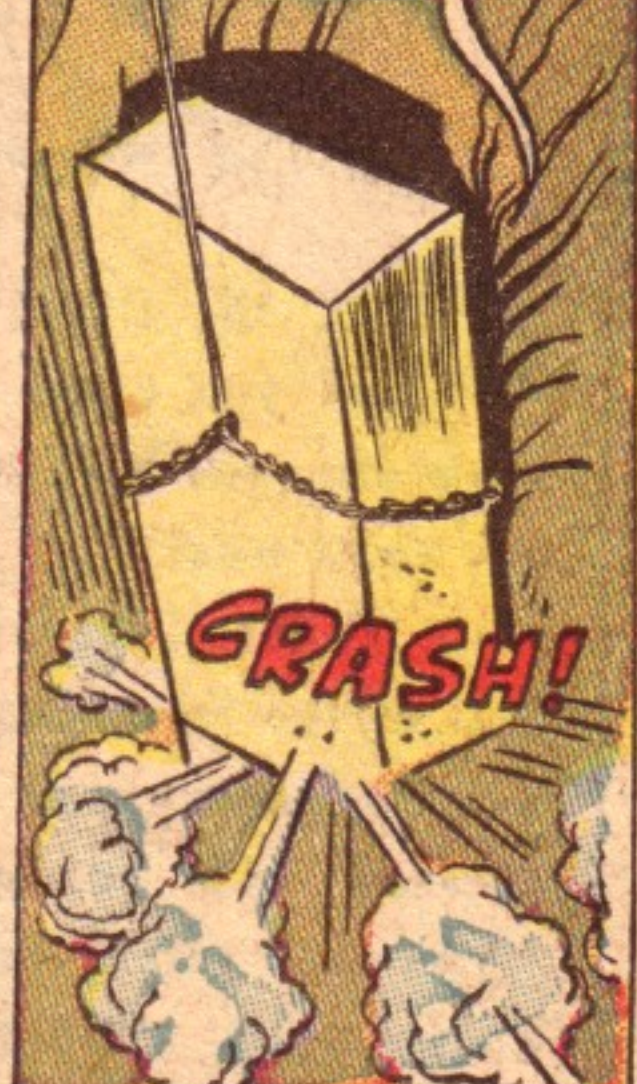
BY THE  
BLACK  
POWERS  
OF DOOM--  
**LOOK!**

IT'S HURTLING  
STRAIGHT TOWARD  
US! **GET BACK--  
GET BACK!**



**YAAGHHH!**

**CRASH!**



THAT FINISHES **THEM**.  
SANDRA! THE SPIRITS OF  
THE DEAD **CAN** ESCAPE--  
**BUT THE ZOMBIES  
THEMSELVES WILL BE  
SEALED FOREVER  
IN A TOMB OF  
LIVING ROCK!**

**FRED!** GOOD HEAVENS!  
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO  
THE MORGUE  
ATTENDANT?

MY MORTAL EXISTENCE  
IS ENDED-- BUT THANKS  
TO YOU, THERE IS **ANOTHER**  
EXISTENCE AHEAD OF ME--  
IN THE QUIET ETERNITY  
OF THE SPIRIT WORLD!

YOUR THANKS WILL  
COME IN THE  
BEYOND-- WHEN  
YOU MEET THE  
PEACEFUL SPIRITS  
YOU SAVED FROM  
BECOMING THE  
**ZOMBIES' DISCIPLES!**

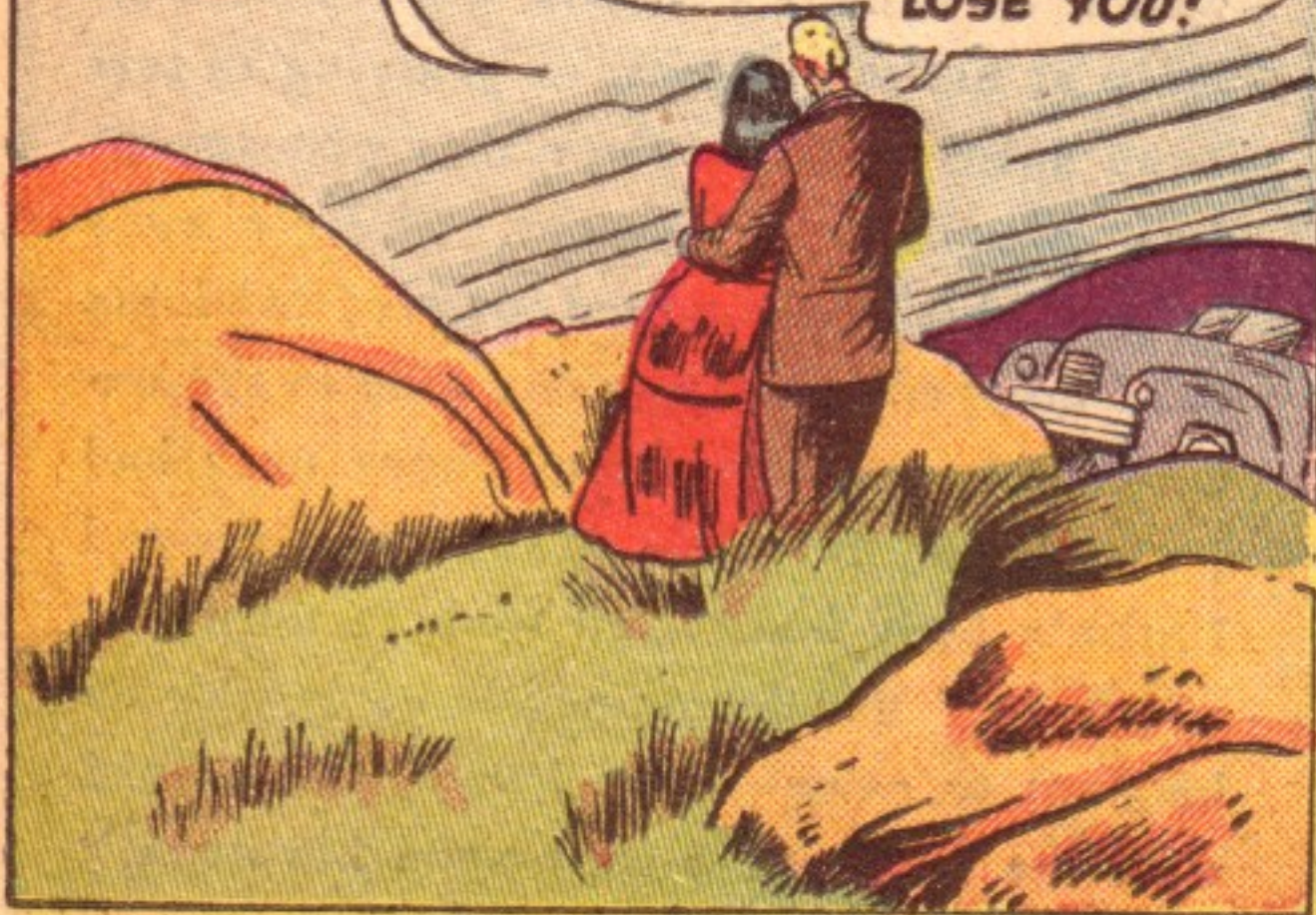


IT WAS A TERRIFYING  
EXPERIENCE, FRED--  
BUT STRANGELY  
ENOUGH-- I FEEL  
BETTER THAN I  
HAVE IN YEARS!

SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU  
UNDERWENT JUST ENOUGH OF  
A SHOCK TO **CURE** YOU,  
HONEY! THAT **COULD**  
MEAN I'VE LOST A PATIENT--  
AND THERE'S JUST ONE WAY  
TO MAKE SURE I DON'T  
**LOSE YOU!**

WILL YOU MARRY  
ME, SANDRA?

**DARLING!**



**THE END**



# Witch's CURSE

"COME IN, DOCTOR, come in. I---I'm glad you came tonight---I just *had* to have someone here in case the---the prophecy came true!"

Dr. Tobias Cosgrave entered the baronial hall of the huge English castle and looked with deep concern at the young man who had greeted him so strangely at the door. "You look rather wrought up, Philip," the doctor said. "What prophecy are you muttering about?"

"It---it's a long story," Philip Marlborough began, "going way back to 1621, when the Duke of Marlborough---my ancestor---ordered the execution of one Allura Spenser on the charge of witchcraft. Just before she was hanged, she cursed the entire Marlborough family and prophesied that in the tenth generation, the last remaining male member of the family would die by hanging on the eve of his thirtieth birthday! And I happen to be the last remaining member of the tenth generation---and tonight is the eve of my thirtieth birthday!"

The doctor threw his head back and laughed heartily. "Is *that* all that's bothering you, my boy?" he said when his chuckles had finally subsided. "Why, it's ridiculous, utter nonsense, to believe in that curse! This is 1951---the age of witchcraft has given way to the age of modern science---and no one who's been dead for centuries can reach from beyond the grave to hang you!"

"There---there's more to my story, doctor," Philip said, beginning to pace nervously around the room. "Allura *must* have had some supernatural powers, because she also foretold that I would look exactly like the Duke who ordered her death---and of all the members of the family, I'm the only one who looks exactly like my ancestor!"

"Coincidence, my boy, sheer coincidence," the doctor said, trying to hide the worry in his voice. "Besides, how in blazes could you be hung tonight? I'm certain that no descendant of Allura Spenser is going to break into the castle at the stroke of midnight and try to throttle you!"

"I---I don't know how it's going to be done, but I've got a strange premonition that it will be done---somehow! But at least I've taken the precaution of placing my servants as guards at all the windows and doors of the castle---so that if anyone or anything *does* get in, it will *have* to be a supernatural power! And now all I can do is wait for midnight---it's only a few minutes away---"

As the first strokes of midnight began tolling like a death knell, Philip Marlborough stood tensely, fearfully, gazing all around, as if looking for some invisible enemy that might strike at him from any direction.

"Seven---eight---nine," the doctor counted out loud. "Ten---eleven---tw---  
PHILIP!"

There, before the doctor's incredulous eyes, Philip Marlborough suddenly rose into the air as if lifted by some supernatural power. Paralyzed with astonishment and terror, the doctor could only watch as Philip's hands clawed desperately at his own throat, as if trying to tear away some invisible force that was strangling him. In a moment, Philip's eyes bulged, his face turned purple, and his head dropped loosely to one side in the unmistakable manner of one whose neck had just been broken. Then---*thud!*---and Philip's body had fallen back to the floor.

"Dead!" the doctor murmured in awe as he bent to examine the body. "And---and with the marks of a rope upon his neck!"



# The SPECTER in the SHOW WINDOW



THEIR MARRIAGE WAS DOOMED TO FAILURE, PEOPLE WHISPERED--RAY MANNING, BRILLIANT AND FIERY YOUNG SCULPTOR AND EVE LAWSON, BEAUTIFUL AND TEMPERAMENTAL STAR OF THE SILVER SCREEN! BUT BEHIND THEIR EXPLOSIVE CLASHES LURKED LOVE--A LOVE THAT TRANSCENDED EVEN DEATH ITSELF! HERE'S A STRANGE STORY OF A NEW KIND OF GHOST--THE TENSE TALE OF THE SPECTER IN THE SHOW-WINDOW!

IT'S AN ODD TIME TO LOOK IN ON THE MANNINGS-- AT THE END OF ONE OF THEIR BITTER QUARRELS--

I'M LEAVING, RAY-- THIS IS FINAL! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU-- AND I'M FLYING TO PARIS TONIGHT!

THAT SUITS ME FINE -- EXCEPT MAYBE PARIS ISN'T FAR ENOUGH!

OH, NO? YOU INSUFFERABLE HEEL-- I-- I HATE YOU!

WHY I EVER MARRIED A VIXEN LIKE YOU-- GET OUT!

CRASH!

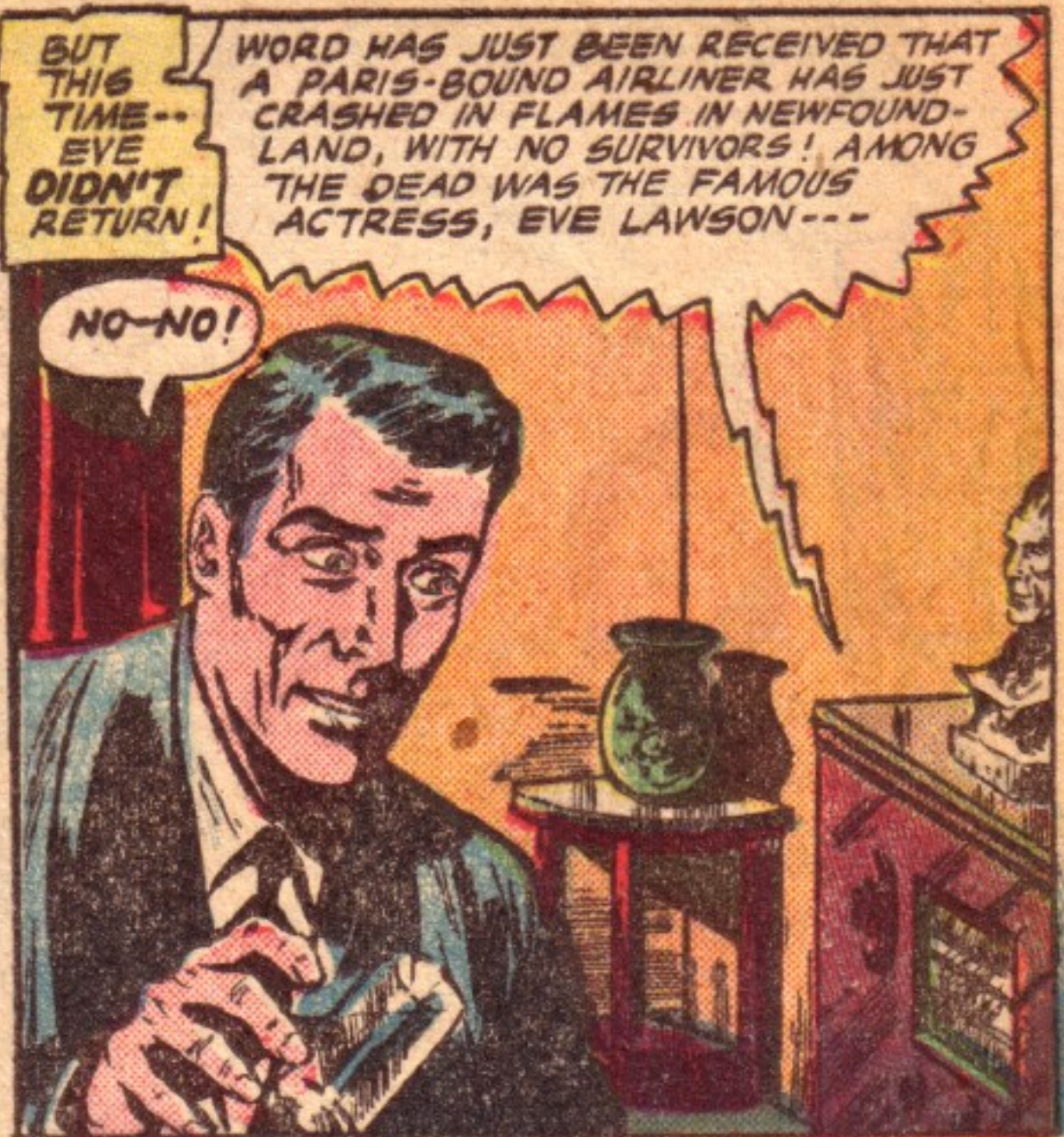






SHE'S-- GONE, SIR! HOW DREADFUL!

FORGET IT, BERTHA-- SHE'LL BE BACK! EVE ALWAYS COMES BACK!



BUT THIS TIME-- EVE DIDN'T RETURN!

WORD HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED THAT A PARIS-BOUND AIRLINER HAS JUST CRASHED IN FLAMES IN NEWFOUNDLAND, WITH NO SURVIVORS! AMONG THE DEAD WAS THE FAMOUS ACTRESS, EVE LAWSON---

NO-NO!

RAY WAS GRIEF-STRICKEN-- UNCONSOLABLE--

IT WAS MY FAULT FOR LETTING HER GO-- I KILLED HER! I MURDERED THE ONLY WOMAN I EVER LOVED!



AND SO THE GREAT SCULPTOR ISOLATED HIMSELF IN HIS STUDIO-- REFUSING ALL COMMISSIONS--

PLEASE, SIR-- YOU'VE GOT TO EAT SOMETHING!

WITHOUT HER-- LIVING DEATH! IF ONLY I COULD SEE HER BEFORE ME JUST ONCE AGAIN-- RECREATE HER IMAGE--



SLOWLY, THE FANTASTIC NOTION SPREAD THROUGH HIS MIND! RE-CREATE EVE-- WHY NOT? FEVERISHLY HE THREW HIMSELF INTO THE STRANGE PROJECT-- AND BENEATH THE HANDS OF THE MASTER, A BODY TOOK FORM--

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE WORKING ON, MR. MANNING-- BUT CAN IT MATCH THE \$10,000 COMMISSION I'M OFFERING YOU?

I DON'T WANT YOUR WORK! THIS-- IT'S MY MASTERPIECE!

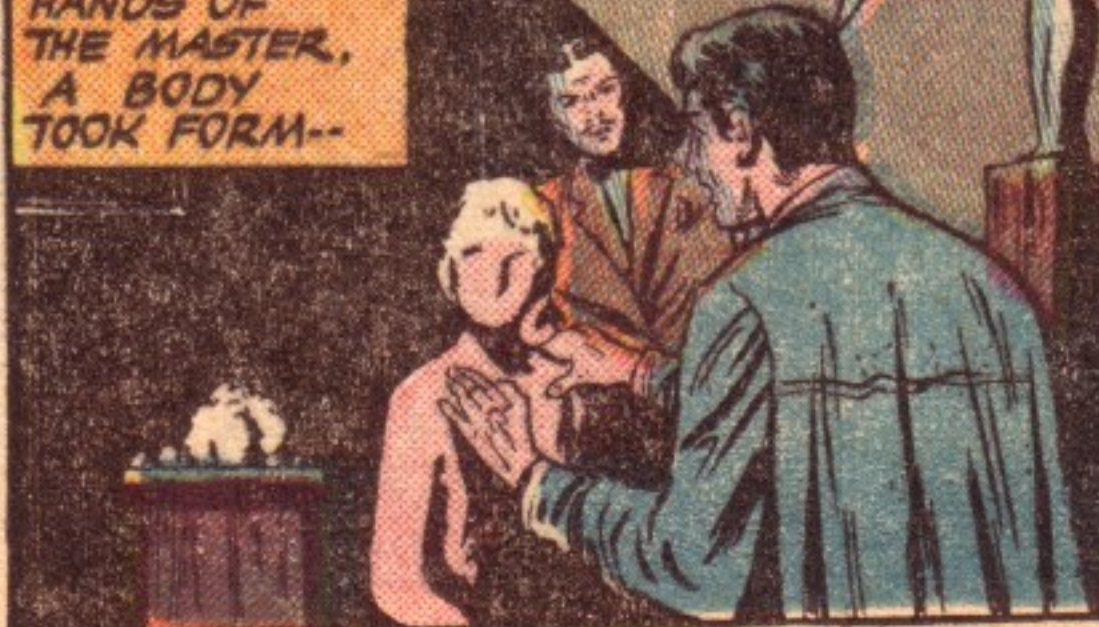
FINALLY, TINGED WITH THE BREATH OF LIFE, A GREAT STATUE WAS CREATED! THE FLESH WAS TINTED-- THE EYES COLORED-- A WIG PROVIDED! AND BEFORE ASTOUNDED ONLOOKERS-- THERE EMERGED-- EVE!

IT'S-- UNCANNY! IF I DIDN'T KNOW THE TRUTH, I'D SAY THAT EVE WAS HERE-- ALIVE!

I COULD ALMOST SWEAR THAT RAY THINKS SO!

GOODBYE! EVE AND I ARE GLAD THAT YOU COULD COME! LIKE OLD TIMES, ISN'T IT?

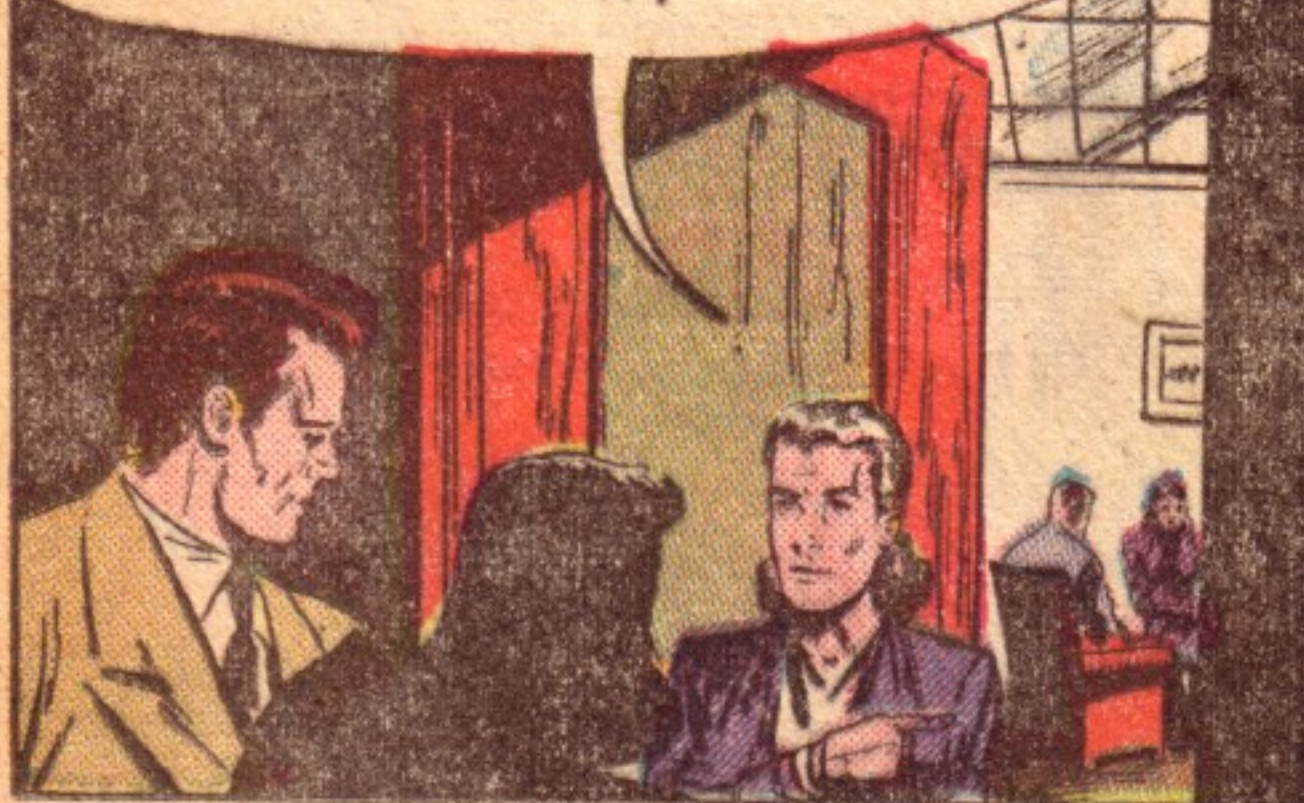
BRRR! THAT THING GIVES ME THE SHUDDERS!





FROM THEN ON, ALL RAY'S WAKING MOMENTS WERE SPENT WITH THE DEAD WOMAN'S STATUE! HE REFUSED ALL WORK--DRIFTED TOWARD BANKRUPTCY--

HE WON'T SEE YOU-- WON'T SEE **ANYBODY!** JUST STARES AT THAT THING-- EVEN **TALKS** TO IT! I'M QUITTING TONIGHT-- HE CAN'T EVEN PAY MY SALARY! A GENIUS LIKE **HIM--** WHO COULD MAKE A FORTUNE IF HE WANTED TO!



BUT THERE WAS NO FORTUNE FOR RAY MANNING, FOR POVERTY SOON BECAME HIS LOT! HE'D EVEN GOTTEN TO KNOW HUNGER WHEN A WEALTHY DEPARTMENT STORE OWNER CAME TO HIM WITH A STRANGE PROPOSITION--

MR. MANNING, WE'D LIKE TO NAME ONE OF OUR NEW GOWN CREATIONS AFTER YOUR LATE WIFE! AND TO PUBLICIZE IT, WE WANT TO RENT THAT WONDERFUL STATUE-- **FOR WINDOW DISPLAY PURPOSES!**

**WHAT? PUT EVE IN A STORE WINDOW-- FOR CURIOUS CROWDS TO STARE AT? NEVER-- I'D DIE FIRST!**



BE REASONABLE-- WE'RE WILLING TO PAY HIGH! AND BESIDES, REMEMBER THAT SHE WAS A GREAT ACTRESS, AND PUBLIC APPEARANCES WERE HER LIFE! YOU COULD ALMOST CALL THIS A **TRIBUTE** TO HER!

NO-- EVE ISN'T FOR RENT! GET OUT, DO YOU HEAR ME-- **GET OUT!**



BUT STARVATION IS A STERN TASKMASTER-- AND FINALLY--

THANKS, MR. MANNING-- HERE'S YOUR CHECK-- FOR ONE MONTH'S RENTAL!

I CAN'T WATCH HER BEING TAKEN AWAY FROM ME-- AGAIN!



THE VERY NEXT WEEK-- IT **HAPPENED!** FROM OUT OF THE GREAT BEYOND--

WHO'S THERE? WHO-- **WHO ARE YOU?**

NOW **THAT'S** A SMART QUESTION! **WHO AM I!** YOU BIRD-BRAIN, DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE **DONE** BY MAKING THE STATUE SO PERFECT?



**YOU TIED ME TO THIS EARTH, THAT'S ALL!** I DIDN'T MIND IT SO MUCH BEING HERE IN THIS STUDIO-- IN FACT, I RATHER **ENJOYED** IT! BUT NOW YOU HAVE THE COOL, BRAZEN NERVE TO RENT ME TO A STORE FOR **MONEY!** TO MAKE ME SIT IN A COLD WINDOW, DAY AND NIGHT, WHILE GAWKING MORONS STARE AT ME!



HASTILY, RAY FLED THE STUDIO-- CONVINCED THAT HE MUST BE OUT OF HIS MIND!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE-- I MUST BE DREAMING OR CRAZY! THAT **COULDN'T** BE EVE! TRUE, I WAS FASCINATED BY THE STATUE-- BUT **GHOSTS** DON'T EXIST!

THEY **DON'T**, EH? WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU STUBBORN, PINHEADED IMBECILE-- **TAKE THAT!**





WHEN RAY RETURNED THE NEXT MORNING--

GOOD GRIEF, LOOK AT THE MESS! DISHES  
BROKEN, DRAPES SLASHED-- IT-- IT'S EXACTLY  
WHAT EVE WOULD HAVE DONE!



THIS TIME, SURE THAT HIS SANITY WAS  
GOING, HE VISITED A PSYCHIATRIST --

VERY INTERESTING, MR. MANNING--  
BUT, OF COURSE, ALL THESE THINGS  
YOU DESCRIBE DIDN'T ACTUALLY  
HAPPEN! IT'S MERELY A WISH-  
FULFILLMENT -- YOU WANT YOUR  
WIFE BACK SO BADLY THAT  
YOU IMAGINE YOU SEE HER!

IT'S A  
RELIEF  
TO HEAR  
YOU SAY  
THAT, DOCTOR!  
I ---



NO-- SHE'S  
THERE!  
RIGHT  
BEHIND  
YOU!

HMM... THIS IS SERIOUS!--  
TOM! MARTIN! IN  
HERE-- QUICK!

STOP! WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING? I TELL YOU I  
SAW HER-- RIGHT HERE  
IN THIS OFFICE!

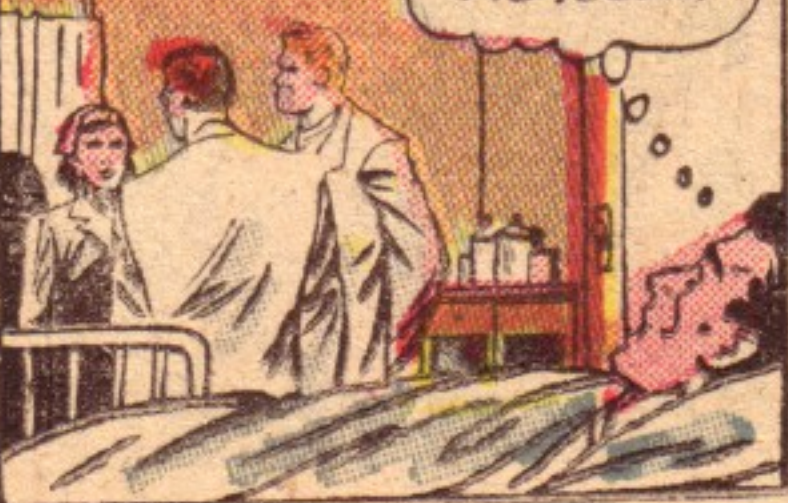
OF COURSE,  
YOU DID, MR.  
MANNING-- NOW  
JUST RELAX!



LATER, IN A PRIVATE HOSPITAL  
FOR MENTAL CASES--

DR. MAIN WANTS A CLOSE  
OBSERVATION KEPT ON THIS  
CASE -- IT'S A MOST  
PECULIAR ONE! HE'S THE  
FAMOUS SCULPTOR, RAY  
MANNING! GRIEF  
OVER HIS WIFE'S  
DEATH IS  
RESPONSIBLE...

YE GODS--  
I'M IN AN  
INSANE  
ASYLUM!



HE SEEMS TO BE ASLEEP--  
I GUESS IT'S SAFE TO  
LEAVE HIM!

AM I  
REALLY  
OUT OF MY  
HEAD? I  
COULD  
SWEAR  
I SAW  
EVE!

OF COURSE  
YOU SAW ME,  
DARLING!



EVE--  
YOU'RE  
REAL!

NO-- JUST A GHOST!  
YOU'RE HOLDING ME  
CHAINED TO THE EARTH,  
RAY-- AND I CRAVE  
RELEASE! TO DO IT--  
YOU'VE GOT TO BREAK  
THAT STATUE  
TO BITS!







I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, EVE -- IF ONLY I CAN GET AWAY --

YOUR CLOTHES ARE IN THAT CLOSET, DARLING!



I HEAR THE ORDERLY COMING! TAKE THIS -- HE MUSTN'T STOP YOU!



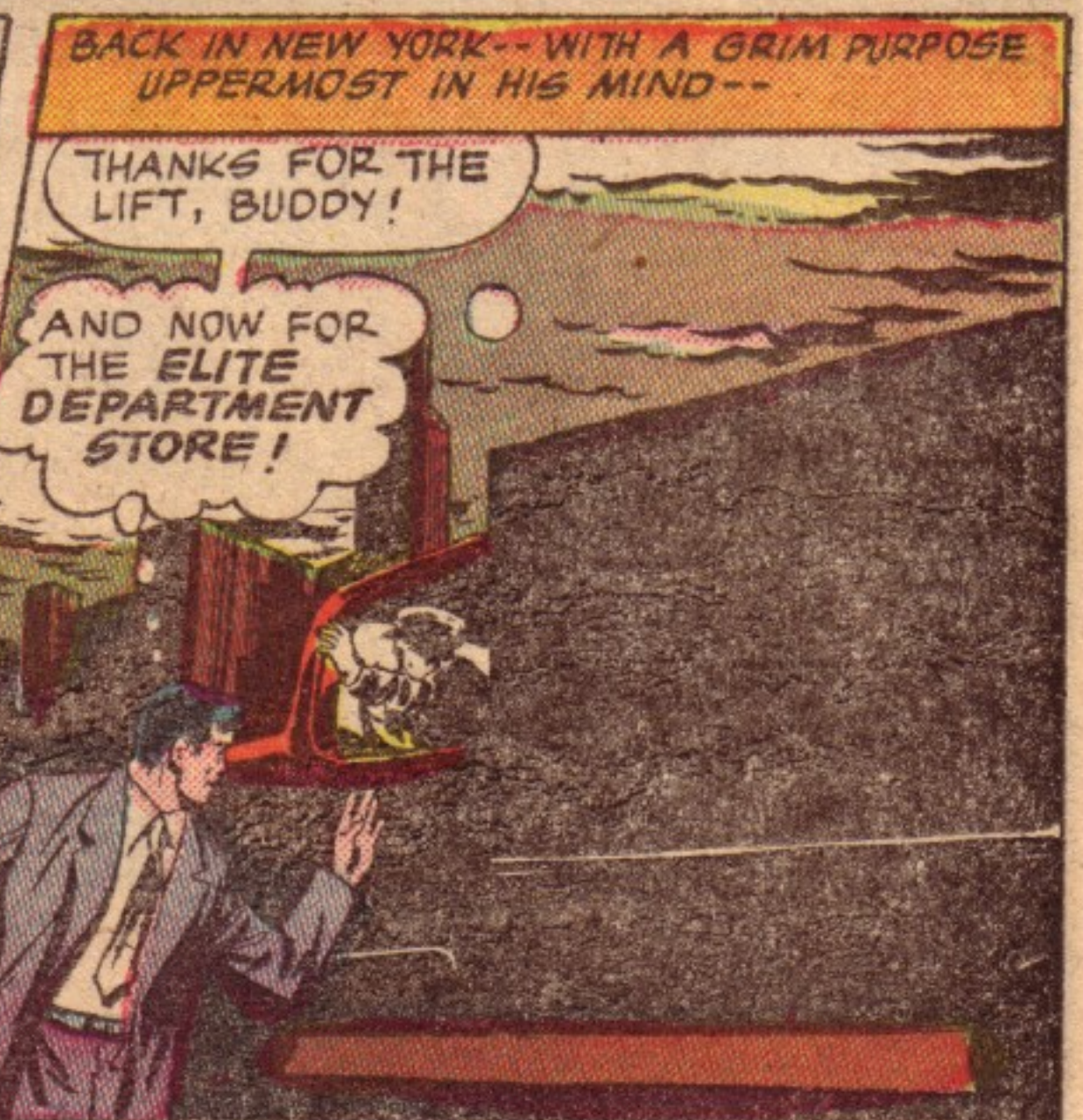
THAT'S MY BOY!

WAMI!



THERE GOES THAT MANNING GUY -- ESCAPING! GET THE DOOR OPEN AND AFTER HIM -- FAST!

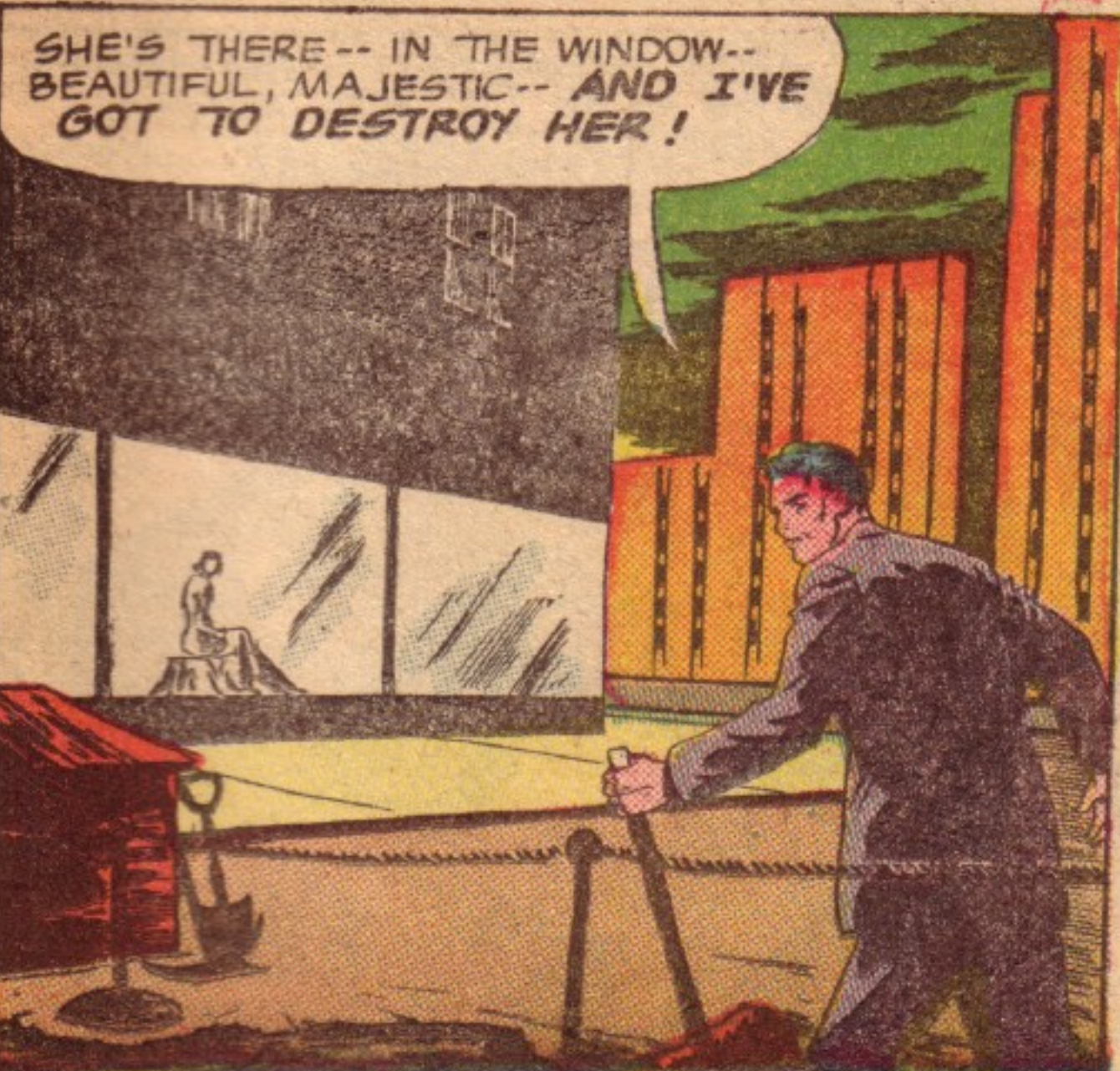
I CAN'T! SOMETHIN'S HOLDIN' THE DOOR!



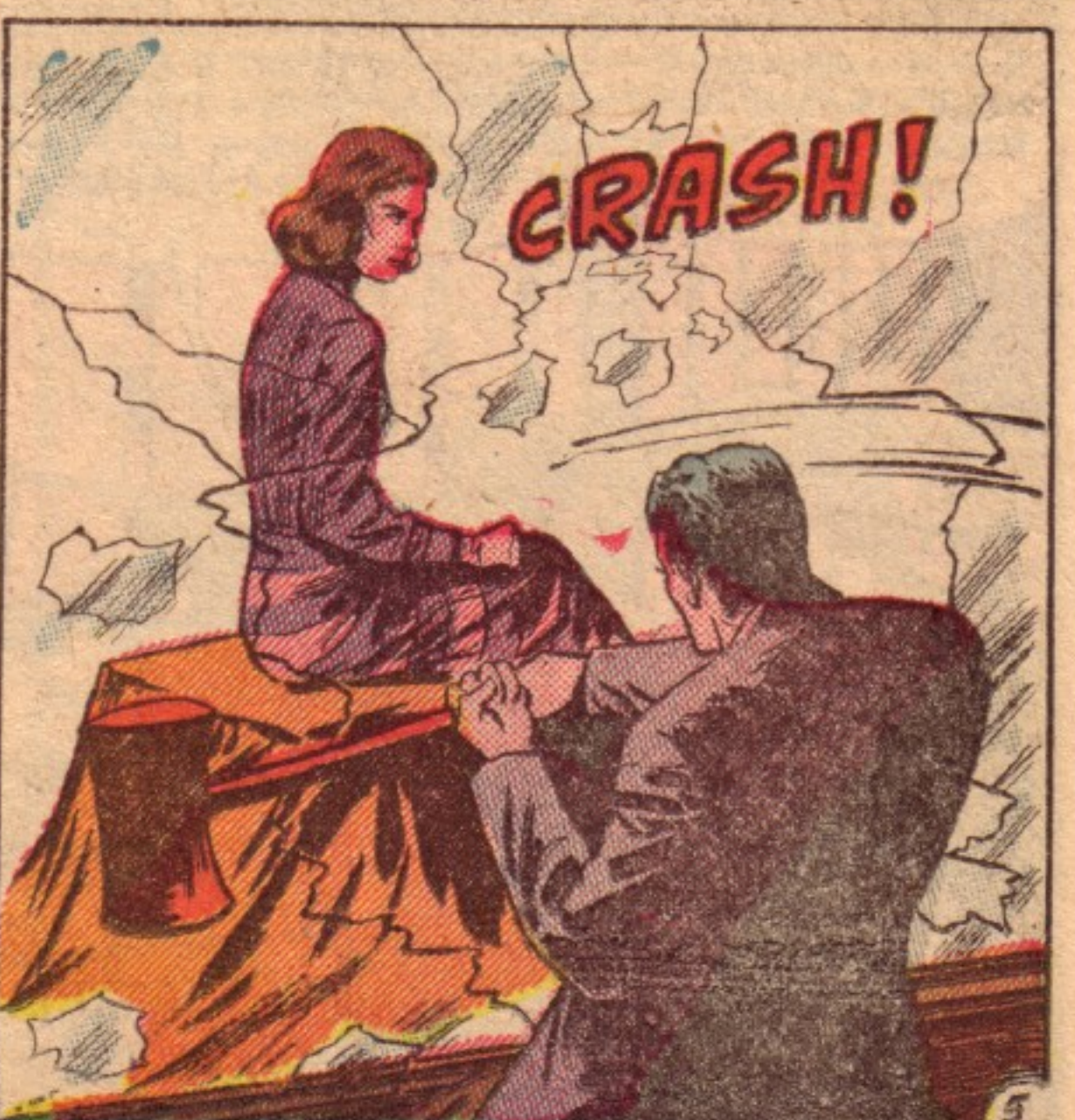
BACK IN NEW YORK -- WITH A GRIM PURPOSE UPPERMOST IN HIS MIND --

THANKS FOR THE LIFT, BUDDY!

AND NOW FOR THE ELITE DEPARTMENT STORE!

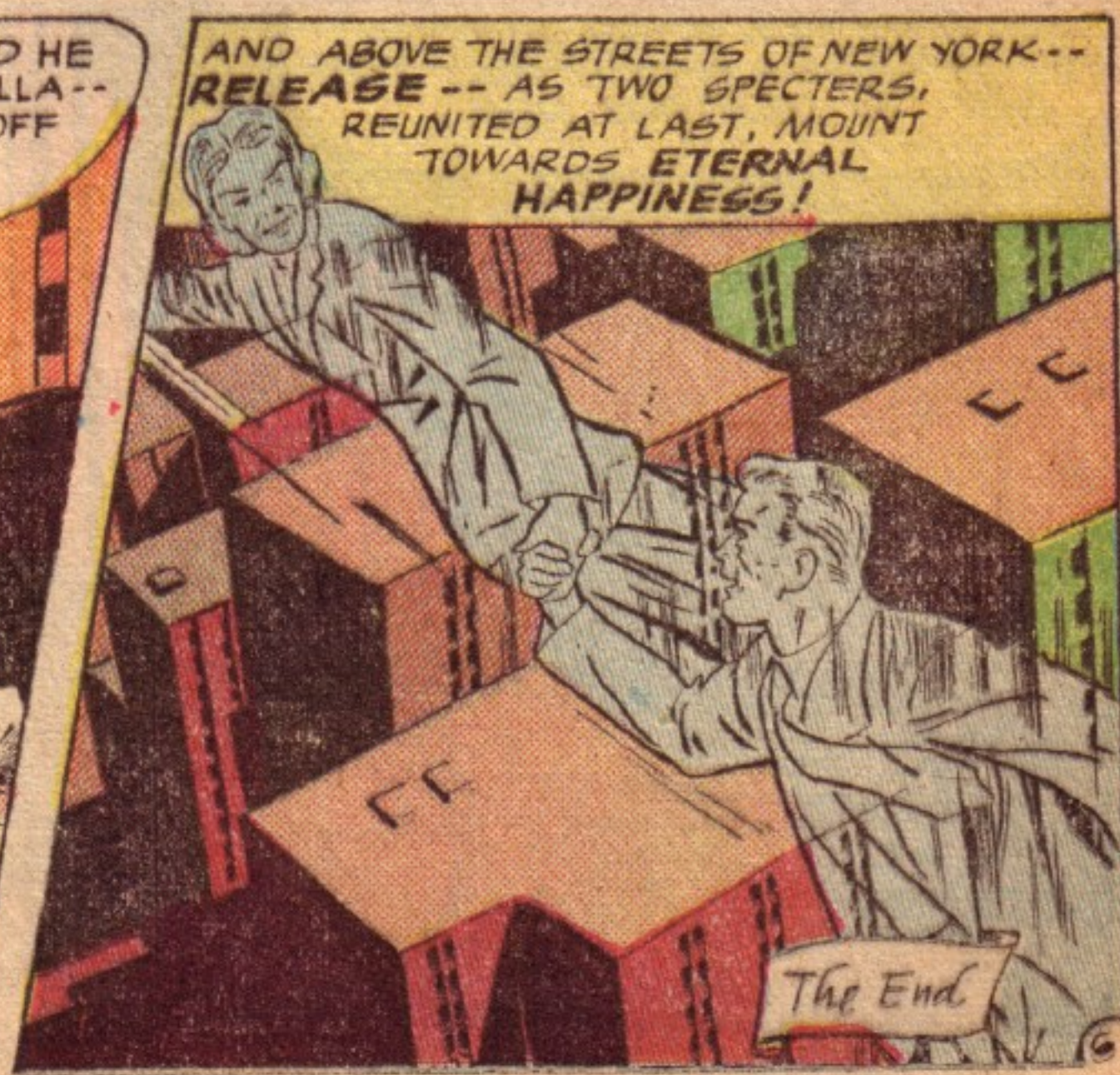


SHE'S THERE -- IN THE WINDOW -- BEAUTIFUL, MAJESTIC -- AND I'VE GOT TO DESTROY HER!



CRASH!

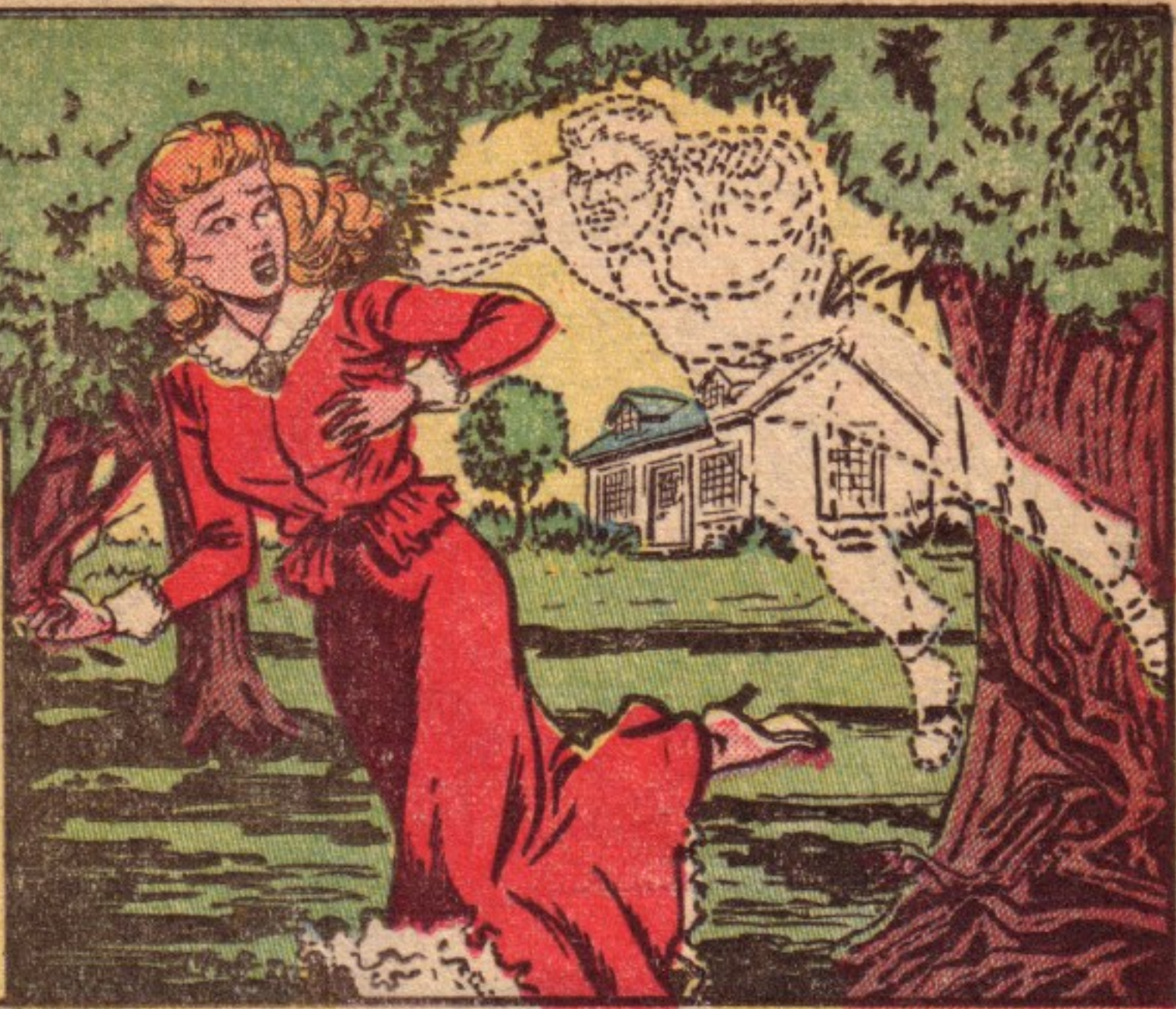




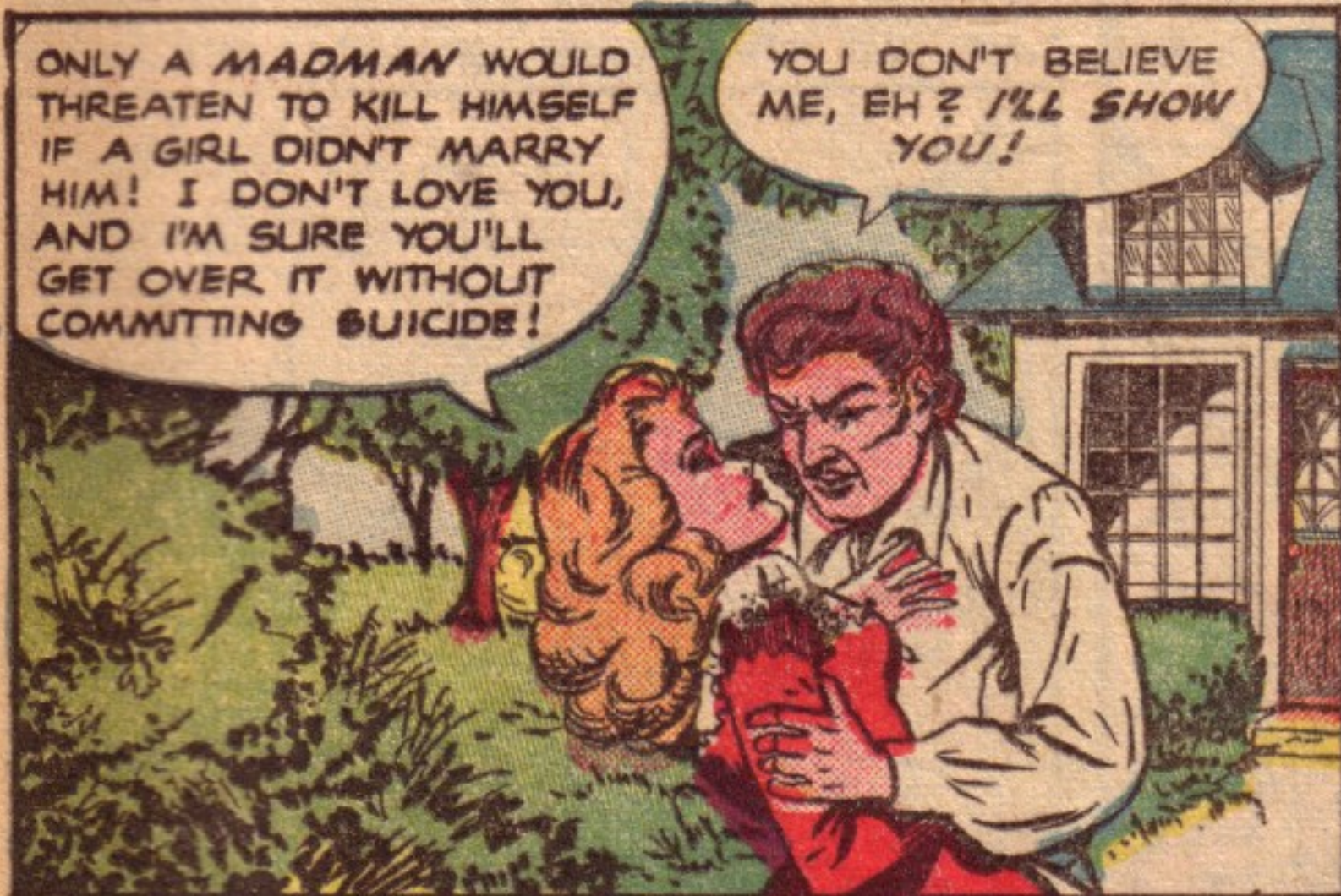


# CASE of the HAUNTED GIRL

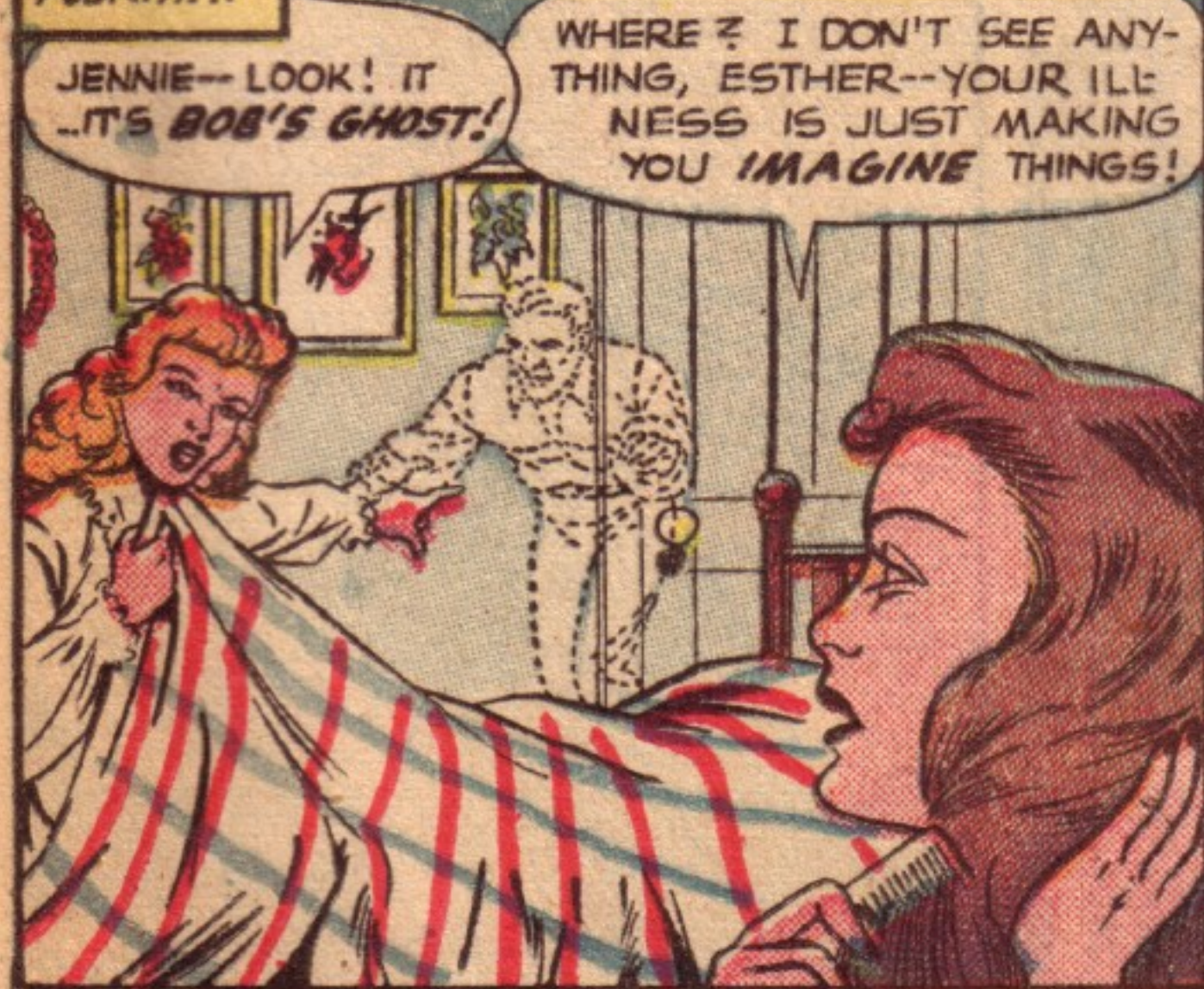
**B**ELIEVE IN GHOSTS, READER? WELL, IF YOU'RE SCEPTICAL ABOUT THEM NOW, YOU WON'T BE WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED READING ABOUT ONE OF THE STRANGEST HAUNTING CASES IN HISTORY---A CASE WHOSE GHOSTLY PHENOMENA WERE EXAMINED, DOCUMENTED AND AUTHENTICATED BY MANY RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE, WHO ACTUALLY WITNESSED THE UNCANNY MANIFESTATIONS IN THE CASE OF ESTHER CARR, THE HAUNTED GIRL!



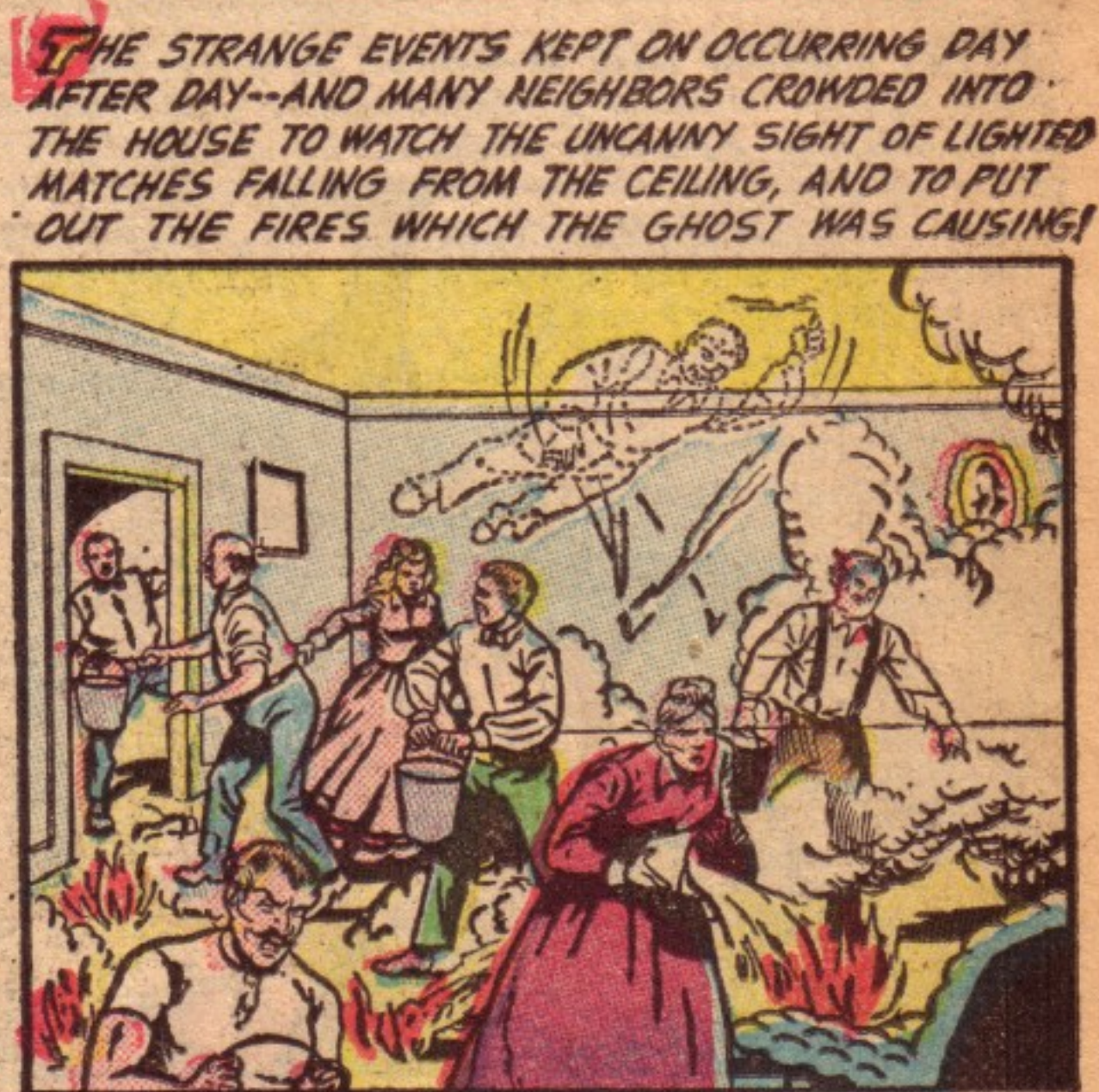
**I**T ALL STARTED LATE IN AUGUST, 1878, IN THE TOWN OF GLARNO, NOVA SCOTIA---WHERE LOVELY ESTHER CARR AND A YOUTH NAMED BOB NELSON BECAME INVOLVED IN A STRANGE TRAGEDY!



**E**STHER WAS ILL FOR SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THE TRAGIC HAPPENING--BUT THEN, ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER FOURTH...







THINKING THAT THE GHOST WOULD ONLY PLAGUE ESTHER  
NEAR THE SCENE OF THE SUICIDE, HER UNCLE TOOK THE  
TERRIFIED GIRL TO THE HOME OF A FRIEND--BUT EVEN  
THERE...





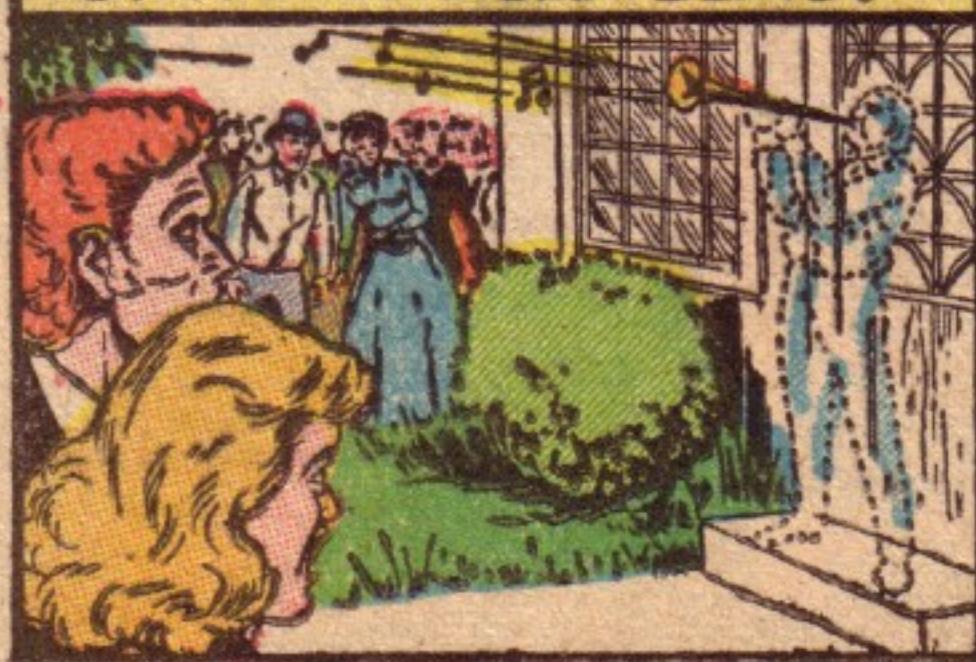
**ESTHER RECOVERED FROM THE BRUTAL ATTACK, AND WHILE SHE WAS CONVALESCING AT HOME, AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO CONVERSE WITH THE GHOST!**



**MANY INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE CAME TO WITNESS THE EERIE PHENOMENA---AND FINALLY, A DOUBTING NEWSPAPER EDITOR WITNESSED A CONCLUSIVE TEST OF THE GHOST'S EXISTENCE!**



**INTRIGUED BY THE WIDE ATTENTION HE WAS RECEIVING, THE GHOST SOON FORGOT ABOUT TRYING TO HARM ESTHER CARR, AND KEPT ON GIVING DEMONSTRATIONS TO PROVE HIS EXISTENCE! FINALLY, ON JUNE 27TH, 1879, HE MADE HIS FAREWELL PERFORMANCE--AND THE WHOLE TOWN GATHERED AROUND TO WITNESS THE INCREDIBLE SIGHT OF A TRUMPET HOVERING IN MID-AIR--AND BEING BLOWN BY AN INVISIBLE BEING!**



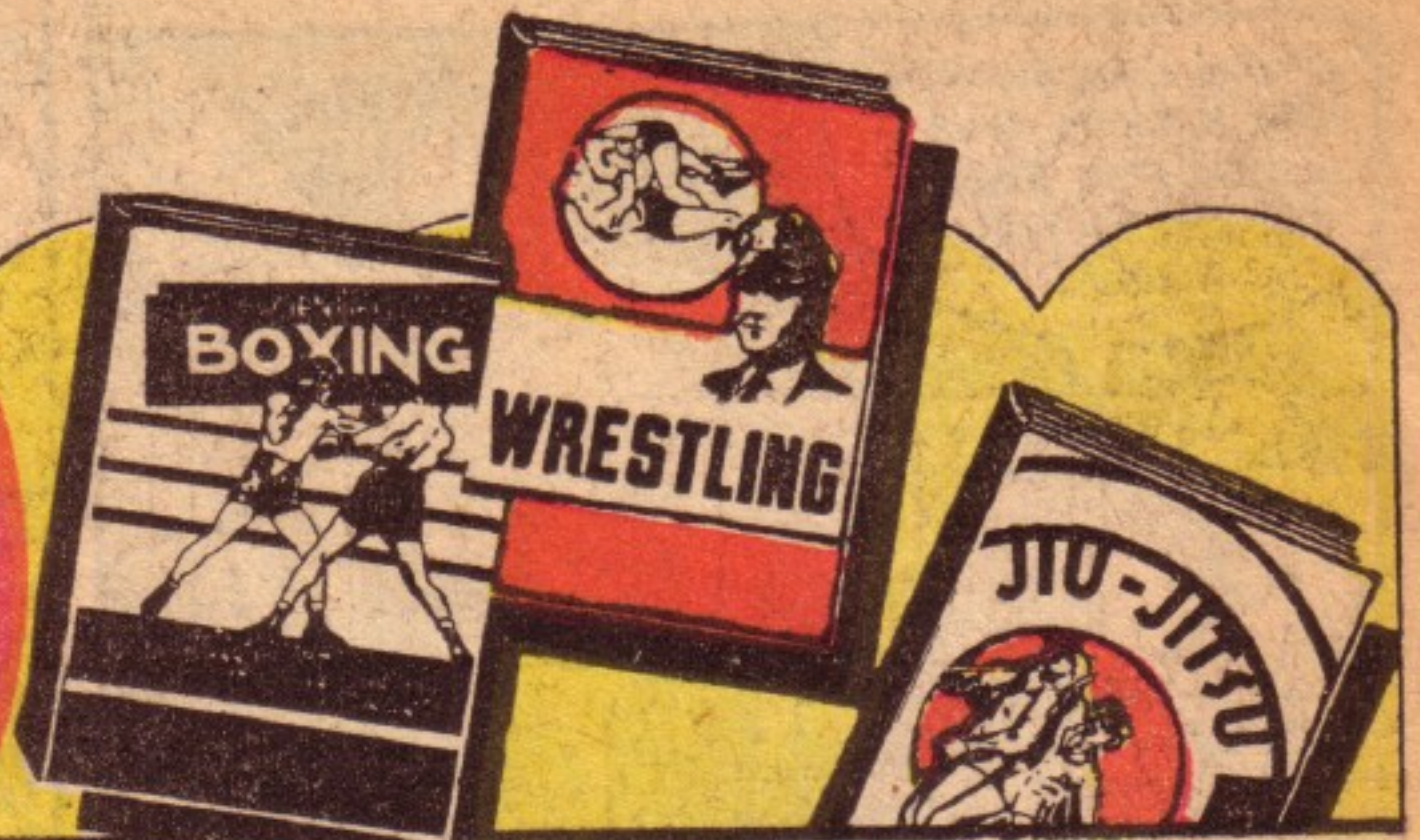
**AFTER IT WAS ALL OVER, 16 WELL-KNOWN TOWNSMEN SIGNED A SOLEMN TESTIMONIAL...**

*We, the undersigned, have absolutely seen, and heard demonstrations, manifestations, and communications of an invisible, intelligent and malicious power within the atmosphere that continued its awe-inspiring and mysterious operations in the actual presence of Esther Carr...*

**BELIEVE IN GHOSTS NOW, READER?** **THE END**



Be the  
**MASTER**  
not the slave!  
Defend



YOURSELF — IN ANY SITUATION — ANYWHERE

Learn this Quick, Easy Way

**BOXING**

K.O. Punching.  
Scientific Boxing.  
Muscle Building.

50c

**WRESTLING**

Yellow Wrestling.  
Instructional  
Holds, Punishing  
Grips.

50c

**JIU-JITSU**

As taught to  
Marines, "G"  
men, etc.

50c

OVERCOME ANY ENEMY — NO MATTER HOW BIG HE IS, OR HOW SMALL YOU ARE!

**H**ERE'S every science of self-defense and lethal attack, wrapped up into one red-blooded package. This new fast-moving system will make you tough—or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!

In every dynamite-packed page, experts teach you through pictures and stories. How you can K.O. your enemy with one clean scientific wallop! How to master him with punishing, bruising, wrestling holds! How to use his strength to destroy himself through deadly Jiu-Jitsu.

Never again cringe or shy away from a scrap. Imagine the wonderful confidence when you know that you're nobody's slave, that nobody can push you around. Think of the respect others will have for you, the safety they'll feel being with you, when they find out what a rough, tough, scrapping, deadly-efficient hellion you can be.

You learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method. You learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in your own home. And what's more, you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want every red-blooded American to know how to defend himself. They want to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price of these books was made so low that everyone could afford to own them. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

We want you to have all three books. We want you to be able to defend yourself against any attacker, no matter how he fights. Therefore, we'll send you all 3 books for the price of only 2.

**SEND NO MONEY — RUSH COUPON NOW!**

Make us prove our claims. Send no money, unless you prefer. When the postman delivers your package, deposit only \$1.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. You must be completely convinced after five days, or return the books and your money will be refunded. Don't wait until trouble strikes. Prepare NOW.

**PICKWICK CO.**

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Dept. C-1809, New York 18, N. Y.

Rush me a copy of

☐ Jiu-Jitsu—50c

☐ Scientific Boxing—50c

☐ Wrestling—50c

(If you check two books, we will send you the third without additional charge)

☐ Enclosed find \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Please send the books all charges prepaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay on delivery, plus postage and C.O.D. charges. (No C.O.D. for less than \$1.00).

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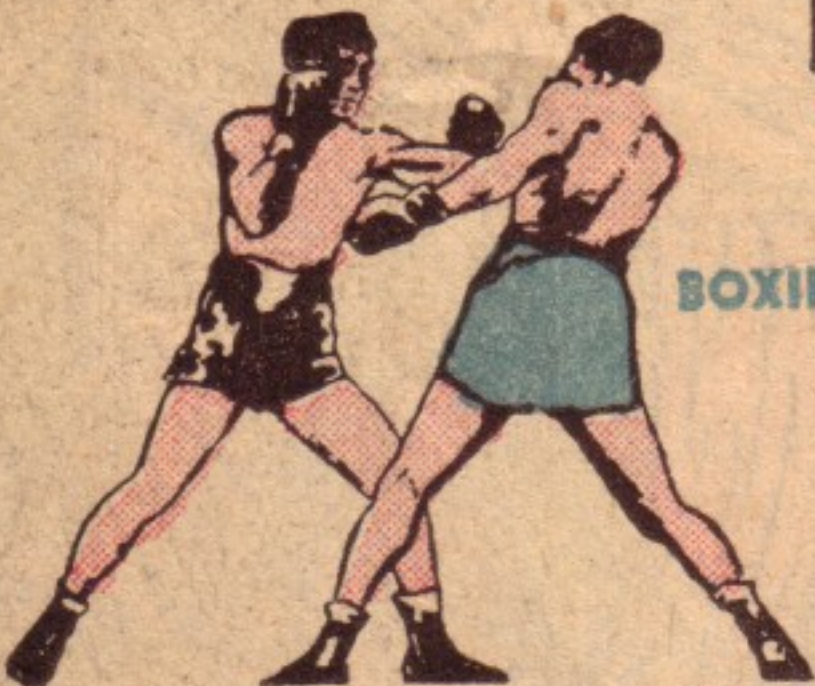
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CITY \_\_\_\_\_

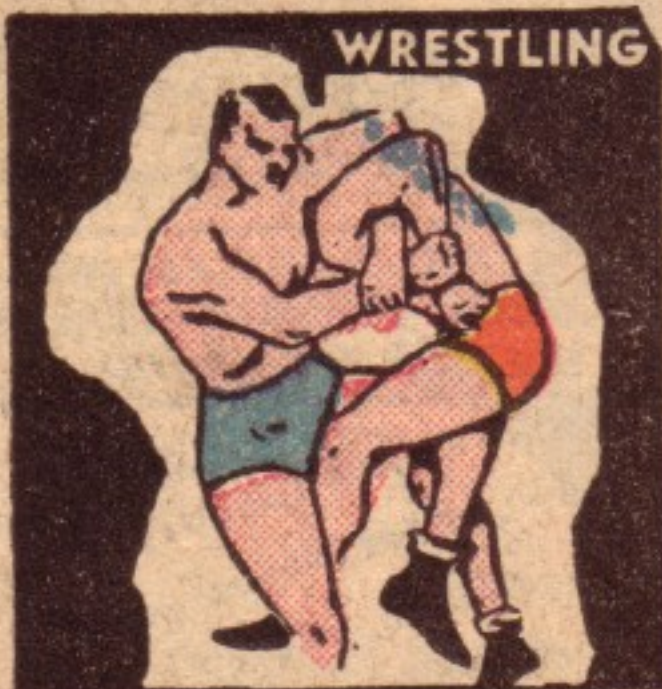
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It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price.



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WRESTLING



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separately  
—each—  
50c

all  
3  
books  
ONLY

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PICKWICK CO. Box 463, Times Sq. Sta., New York 18





# BUNK!

NOBODY IS JUST "Naturally"

# SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll  
Give YOU A NEW BODY

**W**OULD you believe it? I was once a skinny 97-pound weakling. People used to laugh at my spindly build. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born a skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title, "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

### WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS!

### ARE YOU

Skinny and run down?  
Always tired?  
Nervous?  
Lacking in Confidence?  
Constipated?  
Suffering from bad breath?

Do you want to gain weight?  
**WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT** is told on this page!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, ambition, self-confidence, and new energy!

### "Dynamic Tension" Builds You NATURALLY

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give

you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body. In a very short time, you'll watch it grow and multiply into real, solid, rippling, LIVE MUSCLE.

*Charles Atlas*

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in an international contest.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2-J**  
**115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**FREE BOOK** Mail coupon now. I'll send my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows photos of men I've made Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! It's FREE. Mail coupon to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2-J**, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.





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## AT THESE

# 4 WONDER BARGAINS

### 1 ELECTRIC MOVIE PROJECTOR

**REAL LIVE ACTION MOVIES!**  
HERE'S WHAT YOU GET... A REAL PROJECTOR, 1 FILM, A STAGE AND SCREEN...



LET'S CHARGE ADMISSION!

BOY, WHAT FUN!

WHERE ARE YOUR TWO BROTHERS?

**ALL FOR ONLY \$298**  
3 EXTRA FILMS... \$1.00

### 3 REAL SEWING MACHINE



GEE, THIS IS FUN! I MADE THIS DRESS WITH IT, AND I'LL MAKE HUNDREDS MORE!

**READY FOR ACTION**  
NOW YOU CAN MAKE MANY LOVELY DRESSES FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR DOLLS, OR MAKE EXTRA MONEY SELLING THINGS YOU MAKE! COMPLETE WITH TABLE CLAMP, SPOOL, THREAD AND NEEDLE.

DON'T PASS IT UP!

IT'S ONLY **\$298**

### 2 THE FAMOUS TUNE KING ACCORDION



**PLAY ALL THE POPULAR SONGS**  
NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO READ MUSIC! NOW, NO PRACTICING OR EXERCISE NEEDED!

- PRECISION-MADE PIANO KEYBOARD
- LIFETIME VINYLITE BELLOWS
- STURDY SHOULDER STRAP
- PLASTIC CASE

AND A **FREE INSTRUCTION BOOK**

THAT SCIENTIFICALLY MINIMIZES YOUR LEARNING TIME TO A FEW SHORT HOURS!

A GREAT BUY AT ONLY **\$349**

### 4 LIFE LIKE SANDY



HELLO!

I'M SANDY! I DRINK, I WET, I SLEEP, AND YOU CAN WAVE MY HAIR, TOO!

**THE NEWEST IN NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS**  
SHE HAS WONDER SKIN - JUST LIKE A REAL BABY'S... LIFE-LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK, WET, SLEEP, AND HAVE HER HAIR WAVED!

IMAGINE ONLY **\$398**

and **FREE**

**FREE** A WAVE-A-DOLL HAIR KIT



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